

Bob Trumpy's

Exclusive Q&A with heavyweight champ Michael Moorer

NFL
HEAVY
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I N S I D E

SPORTS

October 1994

BOB TRUMPY'S
HEAVY HITTERS:

THE MEN WHO WILL SHAPE THE NFL SEASON

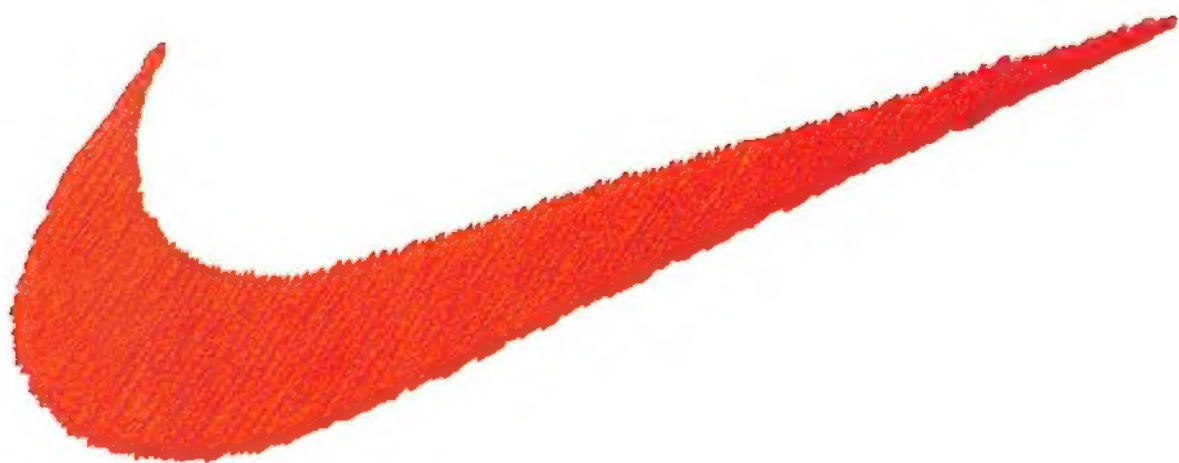


Each NFL campaign pivots on a handful of key players and front-office movers and shakers, and we pinpoint the who will make a difference in 1994

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24 Interview: Michael Moorer

The heavyweight champ is no romantic about the fight business, but he knows what he wants and how to get it
 By JEFF RYAN

32 The Men Who'll Shape the NFL Season

Here's who will make a difference in what promises to be one of the most tumultuous NFL campaigns in recent years
 By BOB TRUMPY

38 Multiple Exposures

Hotdog? Budding superstar? Loose cannon? Potential team leader? The 49ers' Ricky Watters is all of these
 By GLENN DICKEY

48 The Look of the Future

The top picks in this year's NBA draft are '90s guys: versatile athletes who can create offense and carry a team
 By DOUG COLLINS

56 '94-95 NHL Preview: Pipe Dreams

New Jersey isn't just fantasizing when it thinks Stanley Cup
 By STAN FISCHLER

74 Guest Opinion: Turning Corners

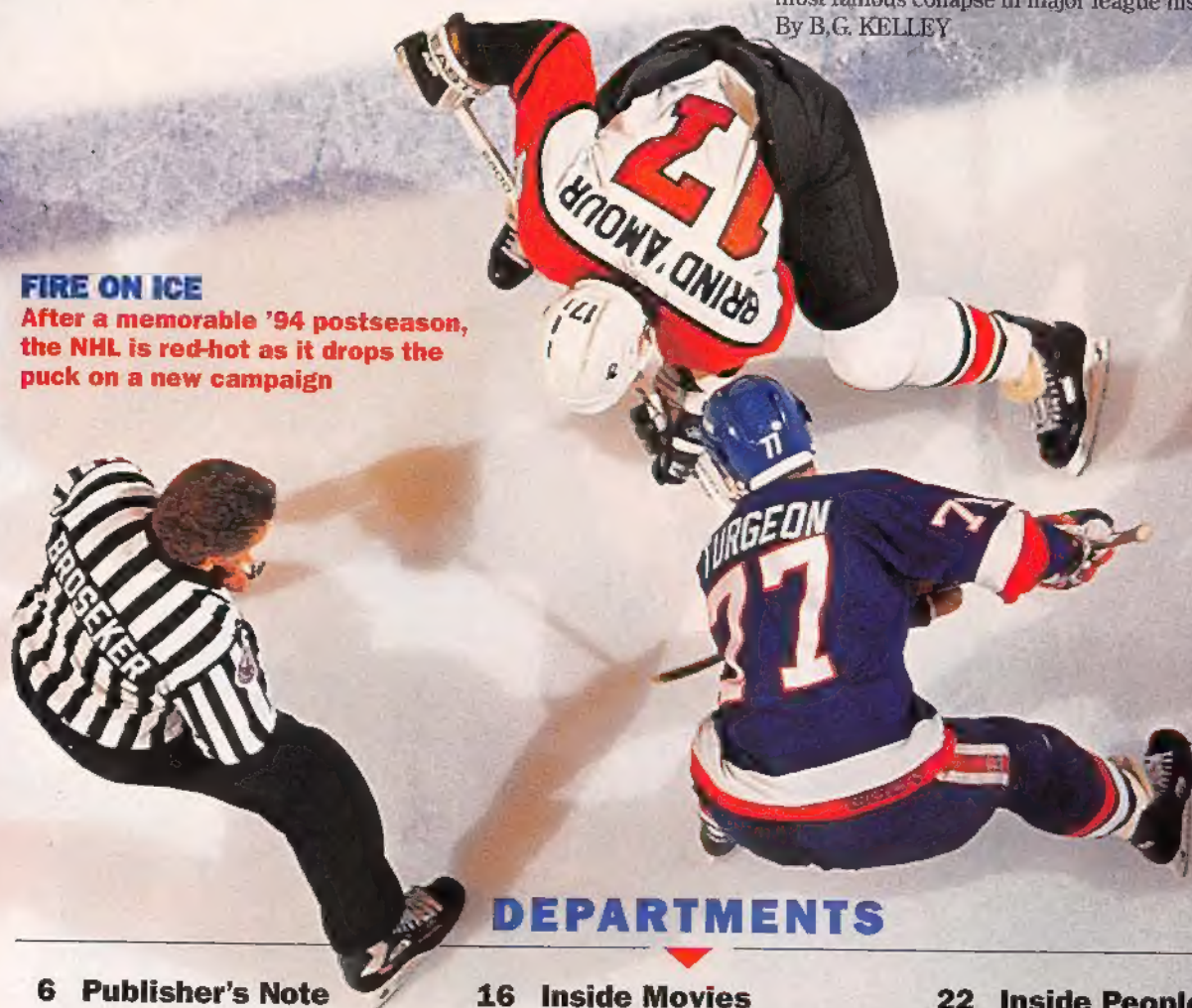
Recent events suggest minorities are making progress in sports, but the sad truth is there still is a long way to go
 By JOHN FEINSTEIN

76 The Boys of Bummer

Thirty years ago the Philadelphia Phillies stumbled to the most famous collapse in major league history
 By B.G. KELLEY

FIRE ON ICE

After a memorable '94 postseason, the NHL is red-hot as it drops the puck on a new campaign

**DEPARTMENTS****6 Publisher's Note****10 Insider**

The Whole Tour Package, or Else
 UNC Goes For a Nine-Peat
 Hockey's Canadian Currency Crunch

14 Pro & Con

Should the NFL realign its divisions
 with the coming expansion?

16 Inside Movies

Our Pastime, Ourselves
 By JEFFREY LYONS

18 Media

The NFL on TV: Hello Homer Simpson
 By BOB RUBIN

22 Inside People

Anthony Davis: A Real-World Star
 By PAT O'BRIEN

82 Numbers**84 The Good Doctor****86 The Fan**

Catching That One Moment
 By MATTHEW BRODERICK



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

AFTER DEATH AND TAXES, THE only thing certain in life is change. Sometimes change is welcome, and sometimes we would rather have things stay the same. Sometimes change is rapid, and other times it takes lifetimes. This month in our newly created "Guest Opinion" column (page 74), senior writer John Feinstein tackles a very sensitive subject that if nothing else is all about change. He focuses on two issues involving minorities: this past summer's Gay Games, and the Black Coaches Association's sponsorship of a charity basketball tournament and ongoing denouncement of the NCAA's eligibility standards as they relate to black athletes. The groups involved are linked only by the fact that society has been painfully slow to come to terms with minority issues.

Whether you or I agree with Feinstein's opinions is not what is important. The fact that issues such as these exist is. I believe it is important to consider the viewpoint of others, even if we choose to disagree. The preservation of freedom and the promotion of human rights are what matter most. Let's hope we change for the better on the latter and don't change at all on the former.

Change also is the theme of our NFL topic this month. The fabric of professional sports is undergoing a stunning metamorphosis. Gone are the days when you could recite from memory the lineup of your favorite team. Remember in those old World War II movies when the American soldiers would shout, "Who plays second base for the Yankees?" as a test to expose enemy soldiers? Nowadays

you'd need a personal satellite-fed update pager to answer such a question.

Free agency, the salary cap, and a new TV network are making a huge impact on the football season. Who better to take us

behind the scenes with a candid look at the most pivotal people in the NFL than Bob Trumpy? Few can match Trumpy's perspective. As a former NFL star, he knows what it really is like as a player. And having spent 17 years with NBC, traveling to every NFL city and engaging in countless sessions with coaches, players, and owners, he has insight that is both keen and humorous.

Trumpy, an outspoken opponent of the current free agency system, suggests that Gene Upshaw sit with San Diego Chargers coach Bobby Ross and GM Bobby Beathard, and explain to them why free agency and the salary cap are good for the NFL. If Ross and Beathard buy Upshaw's explanation, Trumpy will buy it. If they don't, it'll be clear that Upshaw again has done more damage than good to the game and its players.

And if NFL players are in the mood to hire a new union boss to represent their interests, Trumpy has a candidate in mind: Joao Havelange. Who? Why? Read Trumpy's story, which begins on page 32, to find out. ■



John Feinstein examines the maze of bigotry facing minorities in sports.

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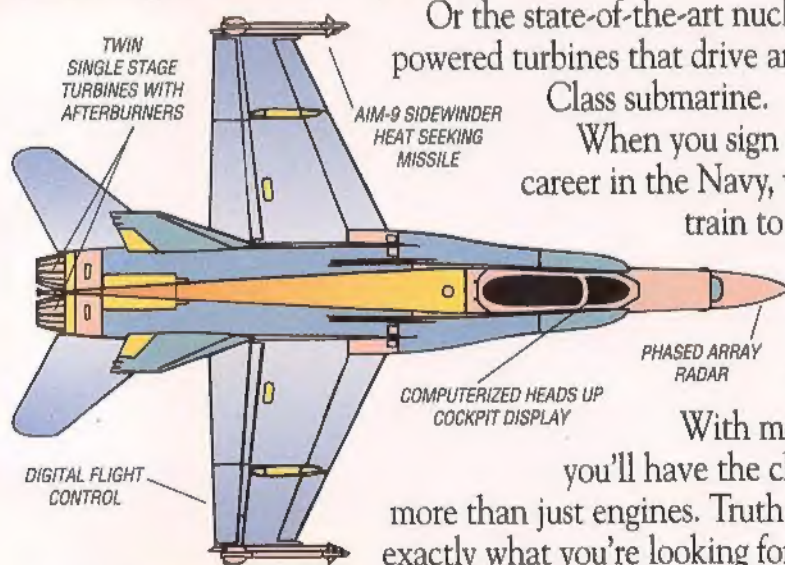
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Law

The Whole Package, or Else

IF YOU'RE PLANNING TO FOLLOW your favorite college football team to a bowl game this season, new rules being considered by the U.S. Department of Transportation may protect you from the nightmare scenario suffered by hundreds of Wisconsin Badgers fans last January. After waiting 31 years to return to the Rose Bowl, many happy boosters purchased air package tours to Pasadena—only to arrive in California and discover they had no tickets to the game.

The office of Wisconsin attorney general James Doyle received more than 800 complaints. After one family of five was told by its tour operator that its package tickets—for which it had paid

more than \$1,200 apiece—were unavailable, it paid more than \$3,000 extra to obtain Rose Bowl tickets on its own. Other fans had to settle for watching the Rose Bowl on television in tents outside the stadium. A Madison, Wis., travel agency was informed two days before kickoff that 380 clients who had purchased tour packages would not receive game tickets; the agency managed to find tickets for all 380—at its own expense. "Needless to say," agency president Edward J. Mani told the Transportation Department, "it was an experience I never wish to repeat."

Doyle's office recently filed suit against three tour operators, alleging violations of state advertising laws. According to AG spokesman Jim Haney, the lawsuits seek "most critically, to gain restitution for consumers who have suffered financial losses." Doyle's office also has attempted to mediate consumer complaints, and through those efforts, says Haney, "a quarter of a million dollars have been returned to Wisconsin consumers."

The travails of Badgers fans came to the attention of Secretary of Transportation Federico Peña,



Burned Badgers fans didn't just get mad—they're getting even.

whose department is responsible for regulating passenger air travel on both scheduled and chartered flights. Regulations currently prohibit tour operators from advertising or selling air packages to the Super Bowl without having either tickets in hand or a written con-

tract to obtain them. This "Super Bowl Rule," adopted in 1980 after problems similar to the Rose Bowl situation occurred in the late 1970s, carries a money-back guarantee for those who purchase Super Bowl tours on a charter flight. Consumers are entitled to a

Games

Anybody for a Nine-Peat?

IT SEEMS ALMOST INSULTING to call the University of North Carolina women's soccer team merely a "dynasty." The Tar Heels have won eight consecutive NCAA titles and haven't lost at home in Chapel Hill in 15 years. "To be honest, this has shocked the heck out of me," says Tar Heels coach Anson Dorrance. "I'm very philosophical about it. The streaks will end one day. I have no delusions of grandeur."

Though Dorrance prefers to downplay the mind-boggling numbers, the truth is that the grandeur is no delusion. The Tar

Heels are 183-1-7 over the past eight championship seasons and have trailed for just 117 minutes and 38 seconds in 15,600 minutes of play. On their home turf of Fetzer Field, they are 134-0-2



since the start of the 1979 season.

"I don't want any extra pressure on the players, so I don't dwell on the streaks," says Dorrance. "I want them playing to win, not playing to avoid a loss."

The players also try to maintain perspective. "We try not to think about the stats," says senior midfielder Angela Kelly. "Sometimes, though, I have to take a step back and tell myself, 'This is an amazing thing we're doing.'"

How are they doing it? With superb recruiting, a relentless, attacking style of play and rigorous, unconventional practices, including two-on-two scrimmages inside a racquetball court. "It's good for practicing control," says Dorrance. "The ball never goes

out of bounds, and it becomes a real sweatbox."

The coach has something to do with the success, too. "You can't overlook the way Anson motivates us," says Tisha Venturini, a senior midfielder. "His mentality spreads through the team, and when we get on the field, we just go crazy."

Dorrance has been known to move in mysterious ways. Every year before his team goes out to leave its tarry footprints on the competition, the coach gathers his players at hallowed Fetzer Field for a ritual that is part summoning the ghosts of glory past and part show-and-tell. "It's kind of neat," says Kelly. "He gives us this speech and lets us know that he's shed blood on that field, too."

Literally. When Dorrance was

No chicken: Dorrance bleeds for his team...sort of.

refund of the full cost of their tour package—not just the price of the game ticket. Tour operators who sell Super Bowl packages on scheduled air service are subject to fines of as much as \$1,000 per violation if they fail to produce game tickets.

The Transportation Department has proposed broadening the Super Bowl Rule, and several interested parties have responded with written comments. A main concern has been the number and types of events an expanded rule would cover. The NCAA noted that "unsuspecting college basketball fans have been prime targets for unscrupulous tour operators" in connection with Final Four travel packages, and NHL counsel Philip Hochberg told the department that the league "has had tour package problems" during its annual All-Star weekend. While some observers say the problems have been related only to sports events, Transportation officials are aware of complaints regarding packages to the Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany, an event held once every 10 years. Mani, among others, is calling for a rule that would extend consumer protections to "any special

an All-ACC and All-South player for the North Carolina men's team in the early '70s, Fetzer Field doubled as a parking lot for Keenan Stadium, UNC's football facility. During one soccer game, Dorrance fell and pierced his knee on a chicken bone left behind a few days earlier by football tailgaters. The wound has been a motivational goldmine. "It's a great scar to show the team," the coach says. "If I could arrange scars like that one all over my body, they'd get an even greater boost."

Fetzer Field no longer serves as a parking lot, so there are no chicken bones hiding in the grass these days. That's about the only good news for opponents when North Carolina inevitably brings them to their knees. —Jeff Ryan

event where a good possibility exists that the demand for tickets will exceed the supply."

Officials also are considering whether to extend the money-back guarantee of the Super Bowl Rule to scheduled air passengers as well as charter passengers. All concerned seem to agree that if tour operators fail to produce tickets to the game, concert, or performance—what Hochberg calls the "primary mission" of the tour—a complete money back guarantee of the total package price should be required.

While no one can say with certainty what the final regulations will look like, Transportation officials predict that the new consumer protections will be in place before the next round of college bowl games; Bill Mosley, a spokesman for Peña, says that "the secretary's intention is to go through some kind of final rule" by the end of the year. By New Year's Day 1995, perhaps fans everywhere can travel without arriving to an unwelcome surprise. —Linda J. Cohen

Money Squeezed in a Currency Crunch

WHEN AN NHL HOCKEY PLAYER and a general manager sit down at the negotiating table in any of the eight Canadian-based NHL cities, contract talks don't always unfold as most of us think they might. Often, the customary haggling does not center on figures, but on choice of currency.

The lower value of the Canadian dollar in relation to the U.S. note—it has been below 75 cents to the U.S. dollar for much of 1994—and the burden of heavy-handed tax laws north of the border have been a front-office problem in the NHL for years. The differences throw another element into negotiations between players and Canadian teams.

"If you're in business within the

scope of a certain sports league, you prepare yourself for equal expenses among all the teams in that league," says NHL player agent Larry Rauch. "But in the NHL, there is an inequity. I feel for the Canadian teams because it hurts them competitively."

"The value of the Canadian dollar may be more of a problem than the tax up there. You can deal with the salary issue if the team is willing, inventive, and progressive in its thinking."

Tax levels vary in Canada from province to province. Calgary Flames general manager Doug Risebrough tries to use that to his advantage in negotiations. "When he sits down with players, he makes the point that the most favorable tax laws in Canada can be found in Alberta," says *Calgary Herald* columnist Allan Maki of the Alberta rate, which is between

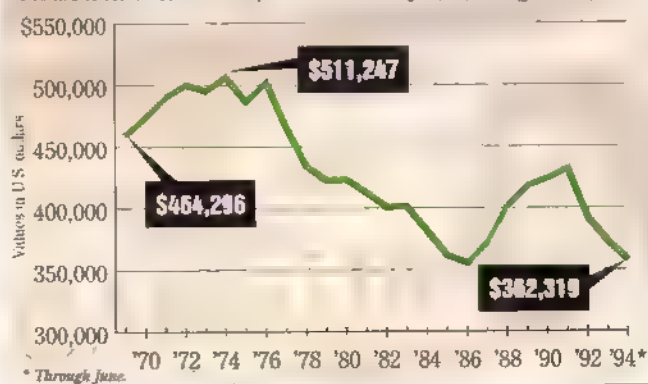
around 60%, making the problem more acute. "There is such a debt problem here in Quebec that taxes aren't enough—the government is borrowing money just to pay for the programs," says Claude Larochelle, columnist for *Le Soleil* of Quebec city. In reference to Scott Young, the 26-year-old Boston-area product who was traded to the Nordiques from Hartford in March 1992, Larochelle says: "He recently stated that he's very happy playing here. Friends and family come up from Boston to watch him. But he is insistent that in his next contract he be paid in American dollars."

"It's a bigger problem for the American player up there who wants to retire in the United States," says Rauch. "He's getting paid in Canadian money—70 cents to our dollar"

Jay Grossman, a Manhattan-

EXCHANGE OF FORTUNES

This chart plots the value of a Canadian \$500,000 contract in U.S. dollars from 1969 to 1994 (based on end-of-year exchange rates):



40% and 45%. "He also mentions that it's as good here as in some American states. One of the best deals in hockey is to be paid in Canadian dollars in Alberta."

As with most bargains, there are strings attached to taking advantage of Alberta's relatively lenient tax laws. "What [Risebrough] tries to do is get them to establish residence here," says Maki. "It eases the tax bite. But it's understandably hard to convince some American players of that."

In Quebec province, on the other hand, tax levels top out at

based agent who represents the New York Rangers' Brian Leetch, also has dealt with the issue. "It's a problem that's unique to hockey," he says. "In other sports with Canadian teams, all money is converted into U.S. dollars."

Of course, what comes down, must go up—which means NHL players caught in the currency crunch must long for a return to the heady days of the '70s, when the Canadian dollar was robust in relation to its U.S. counterpart. In fact, for a time the Canadian note was worth more than the U.S. dollar. "I remember when American

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Steve Rogers was pitching for the [Montreal] Expos," Larochelle says, "he asked that he be paid in Canadian dollars. Sounds crazy now."—Matt Niles

Trends

Tattoo You: The NHL's Marked Men

IT SEEMS A PERFECT FIT: A rugged athlete in a sport known for its near-reckless speed and sometimes bloody violence, flaunting a type of body badge typically worn by people who are a little rough around the edges.

Yes, hockey players and tattoos are a natural match. Body art is alive and well—in fact, downright thriving—in today's NHL. Players have found a novel way of expressing themselves, one somewhat more discreet than the typical on-ice methods of goal-scoring and fisticuffs.

Take the Montreal Canadiens, for instance. A Stanley Cup championship in 1993 sent a number of Habs scurrying to a local tattoo parlor, Tattoo Artistique.

"It all started when Lyle Odelein and Mathieu Schneider came in after they beat Buffalo in the [1993] playoffs," says proprietor Keith Stewart, who has been in the business for 20 years. The pugilistically inclined Odelein sports an "Odie" dog on his shoulder with boxing gloves hanging from a hockey stick. Schneider got a Tasmanian Devil in a swirl of dust. Others from that Montreal title team—Denis Savard, Mario Roberge, Stephan Lebeau, Patrice Brisebois, Gilbert Dionne, and Mike Keane—stuck with the more conventional Cup with the Habs logo and the player's number inside.

"I know when Keane came in, he had John LeClair, Kirk Muller, and Paul DiPietro with him," says Stewart. "I guess those guys are still thinking about it."

The creative trend came to the attention of free-lance photogra-

pher and writer Linda Spillers when she ran into some tattooed Washington Capitals several years ago while doing photo work for the club. "I



Gilmour (left) and LaFrate are among the frozen warriors who wear their hearts on—or under—their sleeves.

noticed Enrico Ciccone had a Superman," she says. "[Former Capital] Al LaFrate also had a neat Crazy Horse. I thought it might be fun to do a photo essay on it."

Since then, Spillers has tracked down tattooees on other teams, including the Toronto Maple Leaf's Doug Gilmour, who boasts a Harley Davidson eagle with a

heart surrounding his daughter's name, Maddison, Tommy Albein of the New Jersey Devils, who also sports a Harley eagle; and Chris LaPuma of the Tampa Bay Lightning, who wears the Grim Reaper (just don't tell Stu Grimson of the Anaheim Mighty Ducks). Apparently the NHL is making its mark in more ways than one.—M.N.

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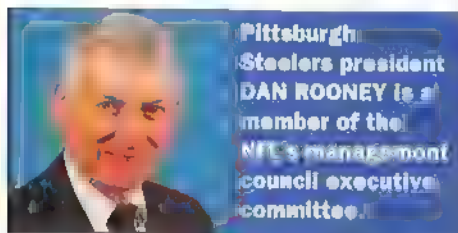
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Should the NFL realign its divisions with the coming expansion?

Yes I AM VERY, VERY MUCH IN FAVOR OF realignment. Almost everyone I talked to from the various teams endorses some form of realignment. But when it comes right down to it, none of the parties who claim to be voting for realignment want their divisions touched.

If we are going to realign at all, we should change the whole league for what is best. I'm not suggesting we just start willy-nilly, throwing teams into random arrangements. But Miami and Tampa Bay, for example, are very successful when they play each other, which currently is once every three years. When the Bucs and the Dolphins meet, it becomes "the game" for them. We need to bring that kind of a situation into other divisions.

It makes geographic sense to put Arizona and Seattle in the NFC West with San Francisco and the Rams, and remove the Falcons and the Saints. Then you'd have at least four clubs located in close proximity. Many teams aren't thrilled about the plans



as they are right now, but these are some of the compromises that need to be ironed out. You're always going to end up with a few disagreements, but

hopefully people would be willing to be objective and overcome the problems.

The people in the NFC Central, for instance, should look at how realignment could benefit them. But instead they act shortsightedly by taking a position that says, "The rest of the league be damned—this is what we're going to do." If that's what they want to do, then let's forget realignment altogether and not waste our time talking about it. But I think they're being boorish about the subject.

The NFC Central is taking a strong position, but I still am confident some sort of understanding can be accomplished. I don't like this philosophy of, "Well, I'd be willing to move, but why should I be the one to move if this guy doesn't have to move?" That's not looking at it in realistic terms.

The NFL does a lot of talking about the year 2000 as a frontier. Team officials often claim to be open-minded or to have the most forward-looking team, but I think that's just rhetoric. Realignment would be beneficial to every team in the league, and that's the way they have to look at it. If they don't look at it that way, there are a lot of other issues they're going to look at in that perspective, and it starts affecting everything we vote on.

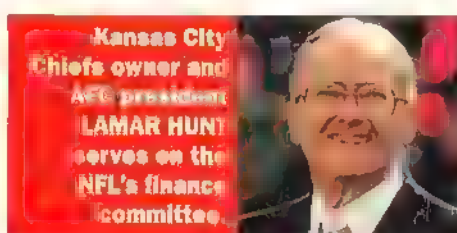
Eddie DeBartolo, the owner of the 49ers, brought up realignment possibilities a few years ago, and it was a half-hour discussion. That was the end of it. With these new teams coming in, though, it forces something to happen. Of course, the Carolina Panthers and Jacksonville Jaguars can be dropped into the two four-team divisions, but the impracticality of that is the very reason why we should resolve the situation at the next meetings. If we have to do something, let's do something right now. ■

No I WOULD NOT BE IN FAVOR OF A LARGE-scale realignment. We happen to be very pleased with our division. The AFC West has been intact for 35 consecutive seasons: the original four teams—the Broncos, Raiders, Chargers, and Chiefs—plus Seattle, which was added in 1977. So as a group, our division has been together the longest of all the divisions in pro football.

Our division contains some of the greatest rivalries in football—Raiders-Chiefs and Raiders-Broncos, to name two—and we shouldn't mess with them.

Expansion is not the problem. The addition of the new teams in Carolina and Jacksonville next year certainly will be beneficial for the whole league. The expansion is as good a time as any to try to adjust and make some movement of teams. But for many years now the league has been succeeding, so I don't believe it needs a lot of movement of teams to help it succeed better.

A very limited realignment is reasonable. If we can correct some of the obvious geographic discrepancies without making extreme revisions,



we're OK. These problems principally exist in the NFC West, where you have New Orleans and Atlanta playing, but we cannot expect that realignment will resolve a situation where there simply are not as many teams in the western half of the United States.

Something does have to be done for the 1995 season to accommodate the expansion teams. I hope it can be done without moving a significant number of teams, but we don't know for sure. I expect we can reach a consensus of some kind.

All teams act in their self-interest to an extent, but for any form of realignment to work, the teams can't focus only on what is good for themselves. The teams are all partners, so we can't think provincially. These realignment suggestions stand to benefit the long-range success of the league, but we have to work in terms of what is realistic.

We need to have financial equity for all the teams in the league. We don't want, for example, all the domed-stadium teams in one division, or all the big stadiums in one division. We really need to balance the capacity and the revenue-producing ability of the teams relatively equally.

That's one of the biggest problems with realignment—the expansion teams have extraordinary revenue-producing potential. We have a situation where there's just a windfall for the division the teams will be placed in. So we need to establish potential ways to adjust for that. One idea could be to form a limited revenue-sharing type of operation—revenue-balancing—to equalize the revenue potential for all the cities.

The only way I would support any form of realignment is if it is very strict and limited, but in general, I'm opposed. ■

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By JEFFREY LYONS

Our Pastime, Ourselves



KEN BURNS' "THE Civil War" was the most riveting documentary in the history of television because the writer-director humanized a titanic conflict by telling the story of individuals swept up in a

maelstrom. He has wisely used the same tactics with "Baseball" (Florentine Films/WETA), his equally ambitious, 18-hour documentary on the history of the greatest game ever invented. The film airs over nine nights in September on PBS.

This epic covers the sport decade by decade through this century, and includes the significant events as well as the quirky minutiae that make our pastime so engaging. Burns begins with baseball's origins in the early part of the 19th century, meticulously describing the game's spread across the growing country from games of "town ball" and "base" played by Union soldiers in the Civil War. John Chancellor heads a list of narrators—from Bob Costas to Gregory Peck, from Eli Wallach to sportswriter Roger Angell, from Alan King to Ossie Davis—who paint a picture of a country coming of age simultaneously with a raw, brash game that gained new adherents every year and eventually crossed all strata of society.

Fascinating details large and small are included. You may have known, for instance, that John McGraw was the most pugnacious player and manager of his age, but until now history neglected to tell us that he carried a good-luck charm—a rope once used in a lynching—in his uniform pocket.

Season after season, decade after decade, "Baseball" examines the mores of society, the gradual evolution and emergence of some teams, and the disappearance of others. Burns doesn't flinch from a close look at the segregation and banning of African-American players, an effort aided by Hall of Famer Cap Anson. And a few chapters later, we meet an even more vicious racist who happened to have hit a

baseball better than anyone who ever lived: Tyros Raymond Cobb.

He was named after the ancient city of Tyre, which stubbornly refused to surrender to the forces of Alexander the Great, could any other name have been as appropriate for such a man, one "admired but never loved"? As political pundit and long-suffering Cubs fan George Will informs us, "the Georgia Peach" played the game with his teeth and fists continually clenched.

However, his hatred of "damn Yankees," or Northerners, and even his own teammates paled next to his hatred for blacks. He once slapped a black groundskeeper who tried to shake his hand, then tried to strangle the man's wife when she came to her husband's aid, and then tried to punch his teammates who came to rescue her. Cobb's plaque at Cooperstown doesn't contain that information. "Baseball" does.

Burns' technical skills enhance "Baseball" greatly. Through his careful use of zooming slowly into and panning across faded photos, he makes old, static images come alive poignantly. And his choice of narrators to present insights on baseball—insights from such diverse sources as Walt Whitman and the greatest sportswriter of them all, Jimmy Cannon—lends both a historical perspective and a human touch.

Burns also tells some stories that bring the rich and varied history of the game to life. Lewis and Clark reportedly played "base" with Nez Perce Indians during their historic journey; the feet-first slide reportedly arose from a desire to attack the supposedly "sensitive shins" of black players; A's pitcher Rube Waddell did cartwheels on the mound. These tales are recounted by some of the great voices in the game, from Red Sox broadcasters Ken Coleman and Ned Martin to the Dodgers' Vin Scully, along with the familiar voices of Jason Robards, Studs Turkel, Philip Bosco, and the patrician-accented George Plimpton.

The first World Series films we see are from 1909, the Pittsburgh Detroit series in which Cobb, "possessed by the furies," was outplayed by legendary Pirates shortstop Honus Wagner. These scenes are part of a

vast collection of old photos, films, songs, posters, observations, and memories.

Burns also properly addresses the exclusion of African-American players from the game for more than half a century. He deals with segregation's emergence in the 1880s, then comes back to it in a subsequent chapter dealing with the Cobb-Wagner era, and reminds us that great though the white stars were, black players such as Rube Foster and Pop Lloyd were



In "Baseball," Cobb's tale is but one thread in the tapestry of game and country.

out there as well—on other diamonds, but performing legendary feats of their own. (Indeed, when Lloyd was dubbed "the black Honus Wagner," Wagner himself said he was honored by the comparison.)

"Baseball" presents a breathtaking, awe-inspiring overview of our national pastime—and, inevitably, of our collective psyche. If today that pastime is in trouble due to greedy owners, petulant stars, and labor disputes, this film will leave you with the sense that in the end, the game will endure ■



Movie critic JEFFREY LYONS' reflections on sports and films appear every month.



*"I watch how my parents eat them. Then I do the opposite."
(Amanda Hart, Teenager)*

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PEANUT BUTTER CUPS

By BOB RUBIN

Goodbye Murphy Brown, Hello Homer Simpson

IT WAS STUNNING NEWS INDEED when Fox took a giant bite out of CBS by winning the rights to broadcast the NFL's NFC football package.

After the shock wore off, unease followed. People were left to wonder how the young, upstart network would handle such a venerable property as professional football, which represents the top of the televised sports food chain in the U.S.

Over the course of 38 years, CBS had created and maintained high standards in its broadcasts. Now the NFC would be on the network of "The Simpsons," "Married...With Children," "Beverly Hills 90210," and "Melrose Place." You heard the jokes: Bart Simpson doing play-by-play. Al Bundy as studio anchor.

A second shock followed when the new president of Fox Sports, David Hill, was introduced. When Hill opened his mouth to speak, out popped Crocodile Dundee. Some chauvinistic Americans began to hyperventilate. This was sacrilege. Their red-white-and-blue, all-American game was in the hands of an *Australian*. What could an Aussie possibly know about our football, or about state-of-the-art television sports coverage (which, of course, could only be found in the United States)?

Plenty and plenty, as it turns out. Once you got beyond Hill's accent, it became evident his résumé made him superbly qualified to build a competitive NFL broadcast team at Fox, one that could hold its own—and perhaps then some—against NBC, ABC, and the ghost of CBS. After all, expertise and vision aren't confined to one nationality.

And pro football is just the start. Hill is president of Fox Sports—plural—and Fox



Australian David Hill's job is to make sure America keeps tuning in after the NFL makes the big move to Fox.

baron Rupert Murdoch is not a man with a history of thinking small. The Australian communications magnate stunned the television industry for a second time in the spring by striking a \$500 million deal with New World Communications to turn 12 stations owned or controlled by New World into Fox affiliates. Again, CBS was hit hardest, losing eight affiliates in such major markets as Dallas, Atlanta, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Phoenix, and Tampa.

Aggressiveness runs throughout the organization. Already there's talk of Fox Sports bidding for major golf and tennis events, and for the '98 Winter Olympics in Japan. It appears Hill will be a major player in American TV sports.

Of course, it all starts with the NFL—which is like breaking into pro baseball as center fielder for the New York Yankees. The 48-year-old Hill was wise enough not to try to reinvent the wheel or fix what wasn't broken; he acknowledged the excellent job CBS had done and hired many of the people responsible, on the production end and in the broadcast booth. His executive producer for NFL football is Ed Goren, an Emmy-award-winning CBS veteran with 20 years of experience. His top broadcasting team is John and Pat, and the star of his studio is Terry (no last names necessary). The skeptics were reassured.

Hill is accustomed to dealing with skeptics and chauvinists. He was head of Murdoch's Sky Sports Channel in Great Britain when it won the broadcast rights to English Football League games, the highest level of British soccer.

"The NFL is, what, 75 years old?" Hill says. "Well, English soccer has been going on for 130 years. It has incredible tradition and passion attached to it. Now the English press is confronted with the fact that an Australian is going to be producing 60 games of English soccer."

"Unbelievable! End of Western civilization and motherhood as we know it!"

Hardly. English soccer never was covered so well. In fact, tapes of some of those matches helped reassure NFL owners that their product would not be tarnished if rights were awarded to Fox.

"In the end, it doesn't matter where you come from if you're professional at what you're doing," Hill says. "And it's not like I suddenly dropped down from Mars. I've got many American ties."

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Hill, who now lives in Los Angeles, had visited the U.S. many times over the years. He is married to an American and through her has a large family in Nebraska and Colorado. He went to many NFL games with his in-laws and became a huge fan of the Denver Broncos, John Elway in particular.

Professionally, he has a football background that stretches back to 1979, when he packaged "Monday Night Football" games in Australia for viewing on Tuesdays. Later, he also was in charge of bringing the game into England.

"Many times I sat in London watching Mr. Elway's come-from-behind tactics with my heart in my mouth," Hill says. "I know the history of the game, its origin. Do you?"

Hill was raised in a working-class family in Newcastle, New South Wales, a steel and coal-mining town. He began his career as a copy boy for a Sydney paper. From there, his rise was meteoric. He served as a cub reporter for a year and a half, then switched to television reporting. By the age of 22, he was chief of staff of the newsroom at the government-run Australian Broadcasting Corporation. Operating on an extremely tight budget, he learned a great deal about TV logistics and editorial judgment. "Best training I ever had in my life," Hill says.

After a few years, Hill was offered \$100 a week—"humongous at the time"—to join Channel 7, an Australian commercial station. There he did an increasing amount of on-camera work: hosting a morning show, doing interviews, and writing and reading news.

"My early career came at an incredibly lucky time, in that everyone was expected to be multifunctional," Hill says. "You weren't a desk guy or an on-the-road guy; you did both. You wrote scripts, edited copy, put bulletins together, then sat down and delivered them before the camera."

Though an ardent surfer and rugby player as a boy, Hill was involved with news, not sports, in his early years as a journalist. Two unrelated incidents changed that. First, he became disillusioned with politics when an Australian treasurer was fired for attempting some politically unpopular but sound fiscal measures to ward off looming inflation. "I suppose I was very idealistic, but I believed in the political system until that happened," Hill says.

Second, an opportunity to try a different field popped up almost immediately. Three weeks later, [the Australian Broadcasting Corporation] called and said they were starting a current affairs

program about sports and asked if I would like to get involved," Hill says. "I replied, 'Absolutely. I want no part of politics anymore.'"

That's when he was drawn to sports. "I was fascinated by the honesty of sports—not so much what surrounds it, but what actually happens on the field," Hill says. "In the crucible, there's absolute honesty, as opposed to politics or economics."

In 1977 Hill jumped to another Australian network, Channel 9, at the invitation of a wealthy young entrepreneur named Kerry Packer. In a preview of what he would do years later for Fox, Hill created a sports division where none had existed. It was the dawn of the satellite



Hill: "Sports is reactionary. When you move NFL football to an untried network, there are bound to be questions."

era, and Hill jumped in with both feet, bringing compelling sports events into Australia from all around the world.

If you're thinking it sounds like "Wide World of Sports," Roone Arledge's breakthrough sports anthology program on the American ABC network, you're right. In fact, with ABC's permission, Hill's show was called "Channel 9's Wide World of Sports."

Hill is an ardent Roonie. "I've been a disciple since 1977," he says. "With virtually every decision I've made, production or programming, there's been a little voice in the back of my mind asking, 'What would Arledge do?' I'd devour every publication I could get hold of to read about Arledge and what he was doing at ABC."

Not a bad strategy. In his 12 years at Channel 9, he built the station into Australia's No. 1 sports network. In 1988 Packer sold Channel 9, and Hill's contract expired. He was at Wimbledon, pondering his next move, when one of the world's great entrepreneurs called. Murdoch was going to add still another entity to his far-flung communications empire by starting a TV channel in Great Britain, and he wanted Hill.

Hill's first impression of Murdoch remains his impression today. "He's a

dreamer, a visionary," Hill says. "His philosophy is to constantly ask, 'What if?'"

In 1990 Sky Sports made its debut in Great Britain. Once again, it was a daunting assignment, a precursor to Hill's task with Fox. "We were going up against the two established channels and were very much regarded as interlopers," Hill says. "No one thought we could do the job as well." They didn't—they did it better.


So Hill was perfectly prepared for skepticism in this country when Fox won the rights to the NFL's NFC package. "The question on every journalist's mind was, what makes you guys think you can do football?" he says. "You can understand why. Sports is reactionary; sports is

traditional. People are comfortable with what they're used to, more so in sports than in any other television endeavor. And when you move a sport as powerful as NFL football to an untried network, there are bound to be questions."

But when the Gorens, Maddens, Summeralls, and Bradshaws started coming aboard, fears were eased. "They're experienced, and they're football purists who love the game and its traditions and never would do anything to harm it," Hill says. "There has been a wonderful excitement here as we've gone along. The question has been, how can we make it better? And that has come from John and Pat and Terry."

"What you do is look at every aspect of production and say, 'If it isn't broken, don't fix it.' Or maybe there's a better way. I take the view that there has never been a perfect telecast, so how do we achieve that next week?"

"The focus always has got to be on the fan watching. You say to yourself, 'They must never have a question unanswered at the end of a broadcast.' You say, 'How can we make it more enjoyable for them? What would they like to see?' With that in mind, it becomes almost a simple process to build your production philosophy: It's a continuing quest for perfection." ■



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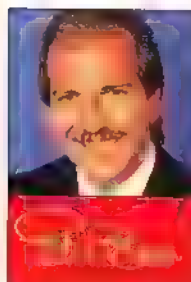
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INSIDE PEOPLE

By PAT O'BRIEN

A Star in the Real World



AS THE Q.J. SIMPSON drama was unfolding last summer, Anthony Davis was driving his car through Beverly Hills. Suddenly he noticed the driver next to him frantically trying to dial his cellular telephone. As

Davis neared the car, he could hear the other driver yelling, "It's Q.J.! It's Q.J.!"

Off the field there is, in fact, a slight resemblance, but not enough to warrant dialing 911 or some tabloid. But on the field...Anthony Davis was the next O.J. Simpson. An All-America tailback at USC, Davis finished a great college career with 12 school records, including Q.J.'s rushing mark. "He sent me a telegram that day," Davis recalls, "and said, 'Congratulations, but why'd you have to break it on national television?'"

We're sitting in Davis' Beverly Hills real estate office. Around us people are rushing up and down hallways, working computers, attending meetings, and barely taking notice of their colleague, who helps them develop what A.D. calls affordable housing in Southern California—an oxymoron if ever there was one. Nevertheless, the offices are plush, business is good, people here are happy, and A.D. is doing something for the community that put him up on that Trojans pedestal back in the 1970s. And oh, what a different time that was.

"A guy walked into the locker room one day with a pair of shoes and said, 'Try these.' That's right—we're talking to one of Nike's first star athletes. Davis didn't get an Air Jordan-type contract—who cared about shoes back then?—but he did get a couple free pairs. "Coach [John] McKay hated these shoes because they were white," says Davis. "So the guy who brought me the shoes brought in a can of black paint, and before each game he'd paint my shoes. That was my Nike deal."

No money, only product—that seemed to be the theme behind A.D.'s college career. "Remember, I wasn't a star coming in," Davis says. "I wasn't expected to do any-

thing." By the time he was finished, though, he did almost everything Simpson did, only with a little less fanfare. To this day he still thinks he should have been the 1974 Heisman Trophy winner, not the runner-up behind Ohio State's Archie Griffin—but, hey, you can't have everything.

And that's one of the problems with college sports today, A.D. says. These kids want everything. "I'll tell you what's happening here with today's athletes. We put guys up on pedestals too much for too long. Here's a guy who was a star in junior high, a star in high school, a star in college, a star in the pros. You have to learn how to go through life, how to do things, how to go to work every day. They don't know how it is not to eat, how it is to go out and earn money to buy a little boy some shoes. Adversity builds character. The best thing that ever happened to me was to get out into the real world."

Davis, now 42, believes today's college players are smarter, bigger, faster, and more aware of their surroundings. "And the star system has changed. It used to be only the quarterback or tailback got all the glory—now it's the over all game. It's who ever excels in their individual position. Linemen have made it to the glamour positions. Anybody can be in the limelight."

It wasn't that way back in 1974 as Notre Dame came to Southern California to play USC. The Irish were ranked No. 1 in defense and No. 2 in offense. "We thought we had a great, tight game plan," Davis says, "but anything we did, they stopped. A.D. left: stopped. A.D. right: stopped. Short, long: stopped. We were getting stuffed, and they were scoring at will."

Ten seconds before halftime, with USC trailing 24-0, quarterback Pat Haden connected with Davis, and the Trojans went

into the locker room down 24-6. "I had a cut hand and missed the offensive meetings. When I went in for the team meeting, John McKay, with a big cigar in his mouth, was saying something about how in 1964 Mike Garrett was down 17-3 and they came back. He was saying we could come back, and Haden and I said at the same time, 'This man has lost his mind.'

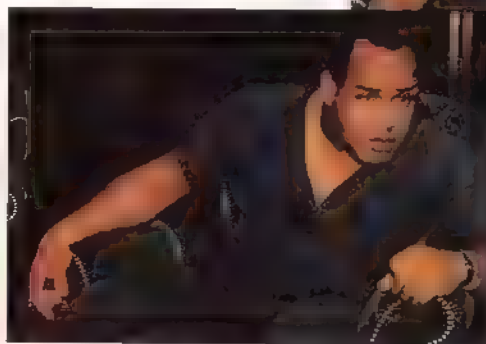
"And now I'm hearing coach say they're going to kick the ball to me—you have to realize that nobody kicked to USC back then—and I'm going to run it back. As I walked out on the field, I never felt so much pressure. But sure enough, the Irish kicked it to me, and the rest is history." Indeed. A 103-yard touchdown; final score USC 55, Notre Dame 24. I don't think A.D.

is on Ara Parseghian's Christmas card list.

Even now, when Davis walks down the street, USC fans come up to him and remember the good days. The days when they talked about



Anthony Davis: "We put guys up on pedestals too much. Adversity builds character."



USC football, not that other story. The days when Q.J. Simpson meant Heisman Trophy. The days when athletes were

role models. The days before the greed and the celebrity. The good old days.

"You know what?" Davis says. "I like it when somebody says, 'I really want to be like that guy.' That's what I live my life for: to be that kid's role model. There's not enough of that these days." ■

PAT O'BRIEN's insightful profiles of sports personalities appear monthly.

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MICHAEL MOORER:

Rude and Shrewd

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION of the world wields more clout, literally and figuratively, than any other athlete in sports. So when Michael Moorer insisted he be interviewed while he laid in bed, the covers pulled up to his neck in his darkened New York hotel room, he got no argument. For an athlete who wishes he could work undercover, hidden away from the demands of an insatiable press and public, the setting seemed eerily appropriate.

Moorer wears a boxing robe into the ring and a cloak of mystery outside of it. A record of 35-0 with 30 knockouts and the WBA and IBF title belts tell part of his story. Throughout his career, however, the rest of the story has unfolded in small details rationed out by a man who enjoys maintaining an air of secrecy, yet is quick to complain that he's often portrayed unfairly by endless speculation as to who he really is.

Boxing diehards have known about the 26-year-old Moorer since he began his career as a light heavyweight in 1988. He made the climb to the heavyweight ranks in 1991, gaining 38 pounds in just six weeks, then winning 12 straight bouts to become the No. 1 contender. In April he dethroned 2-to-1 favorite Evander Holyfield via a 12-round majority decision in Las Vegas—but in typical Moorer fashion, the win raised more questions about him than it answered.

Moorer had built a reputation as a murderous puncher who possessed one-punch knockout power in both hands and once said he wanted to "break someone's jaw to see it shift, to see how their mouth hangs open." Against Holyfield, though, Moorer relied on movement and his jab, and seemed so uninspired that his enraged trainer, Teddy Atlas, told him before the eighth round, "If you're not going to do what you're supposed to do, don't come back to the —ing corner."

With Mike Tyson currently in prison, no figure in the sport is more intriguing or enigmatic than the new heavyweight champion. Moorer talks of wanting to hurt people, then complains about his public image. He is extremely intelligent, and yet he was charged with the aggravated assault of a police officer in his hometown of Monessen, Pa., in 1992. (The case was settled out of court.) In person, Moorer can be warm and charming, particularly when

talking about his two-year-old son, Michael II. Bring up a subject that doesn't interest him, though, and the champion can become aloof and agitated.

What to expect from his title reign may be the biggest Moorer mystery of them all. In November he's scheduled to defend his crown against George Foreman, who hasn't won a fight since January 1993. Beyond that, the options include a title-unification clash with Britain's Lennox Lewis or a defense against former champion Riddick Bowe. How risky, though, is Moorer willing to be? Consider: Whoever happens to be holding the title when Tyson is released from prison—most likely next May—will be in position to defend it in what is expected to be the most lucrative fight in boxing history.

As Tyson's release date nears, the attention paid to the heavyweight title will increase dramatically. That's why, whether Moorer believes it or not, these are the eas-

iest days of his reign. For him, recognition still means a couple of fans calling to him on the street, not major traffic tie-ups and a phalanx of bodyguards forever hustling him out of back doors.

Right now, the covers are pulled up only to his neck. You get the feeling, however, that very soon Michael Moorer is going to feel like pulling them over his head.

INSIDE SPORTS: Much of the boxing public believes that whoever holds the heavyweight title these days is just keeping the throne warm until Mike Tyson is released from prison.

MICHAEL MOORER: I'm not worried about what people think. I'm not here as a temporary replacement; I'm the heavyweight champion of the world. If I continue my success and Tyson gets out of jail, we'll have the fight.

IS: Do you have a relationship with Tyson?

MM: I've spoken with him a couple of

*The heavyweight champ is no romantic
about his brutal business, but he
knows what he wants and
he knows how to get it
before he gets out*

By JEFF RYAN



times at fights, and we posed for a picture together in Tocco's Gym [in Las Vegas] once. I don't have nothing against him. People have wanted to put something between us and say we have problems, but we don't. Tyson was a force when he controlled the heavyweight division, and it

it when someone I had a lot of admiration for tries to slander me because of jealousy. He had the chance to fight Holyfield, and he lost. When I had the chance I won.

IS: Is he the worst fight commentator on the air?

MM: There are quite a few, but he's one of them. I can't believe a guy who is a boxer would go on the air and talk the way he does, but he's a fake person, anyway.

IS: In what sense?

MM: He's fake all-around. He wasn't all that nice when he was fighting years

ago. He was totally different. Now all of a sudden during this comeback he wants to be a nice guy, smiling that fake smile all the time. That's not the real him.

IS: You seem to be intent on maintaining an air of mystery about yourself, revealing just tiny little bits of insight at a time. Accurate?

MM: Accurate.

IS: Why?

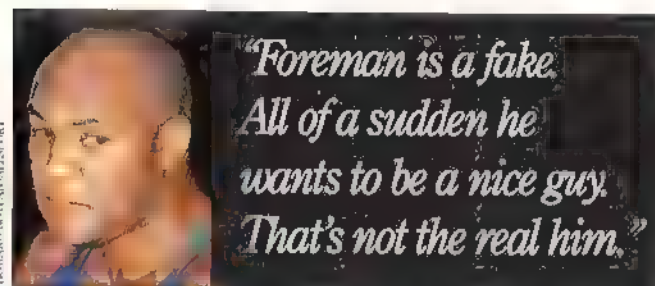
MM: If I answer that, it won't be private anymore.

IS: Who really knows you?

MM: Nobody outside of my family and some friends. People don't realize there's a good side and bad side to everybody. They think because I'm a boxer, I don't have any feelings or emotions. That's wrong.

IS: What really pisses you off?

MM: I don't like fake people. I don't like prejudice—I'm very color-blind. I don't like people who disrespect me, then after they find out who I am, totally change their attitude. That's a big part of what I mean when I say fake people. We went to a deli in New York the other day and ordered some sandwiches to go. We thought we'd walk down the street and eat them, but they were bigger than we expected, so we changed our minds and sat down to eat. A guy working there got all bent out of shape because you weren't supposed to sit inside with take-out food. They brought the manager over and made a big stink about it, but then some people recognized me and the word started circulating about who I was. After that, the workers wanted to smile and be real nice to us. They felt like complete asses.



would probably be an honor for me to fight him. But everyone is focusing on Tyson, and he's not even out of jail yet. There are other guys I have to focus on.

IS: Such as George Foreman?

MM: Yeah.

IS: Two years ago you said Foreman "faked his way" into a title shot against Holyfield and shouldn't be granted another undeserved opportunity. Why are you giving him one now?

MM: [After a pause] Foreman's probably the challenger who can bring the most money to the table, and a lot of people would like to see him fight for the championship again.

IS: Is it right, though, that a title shot should go to a guy who has won only one fight in more than two years?

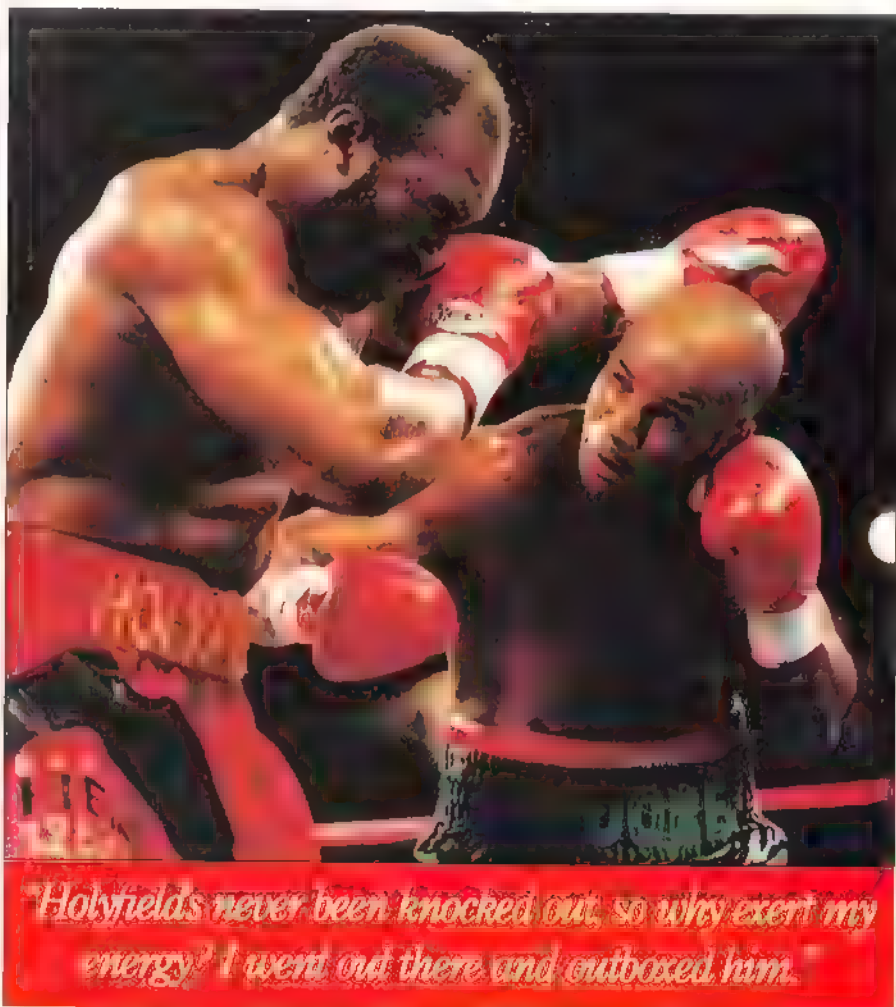
MM: I don't think it's right, but he promotes himself very well. When you do that, you put yourself in position to get a title fight. He's a name, a big name. Even if he's not worthy, he gets people interested in anything he does.

IS: Speculation is that you're fighting him because you'd be crazy to face anyone tough and risk blowing an eventual Tyson fight.

MM: Each and every guy who had the title defended against lesser-quality opponents. The object of boxing is to make as much money as you can and get out of the game at a young age. Hopefully, I can do that. That's the path I'm on now. Believe it or not, I hope to be out of the game in about two more years.

IS: How much were you bothered by Foreman's commentary on HBO, when he insinuated that your fight with Holyfield was fixed?

MM: It bothered me a lot because he didn't know jack shit about what was going on. He took me and tried to slander my name and disrespect me. I don't like that. I don't like



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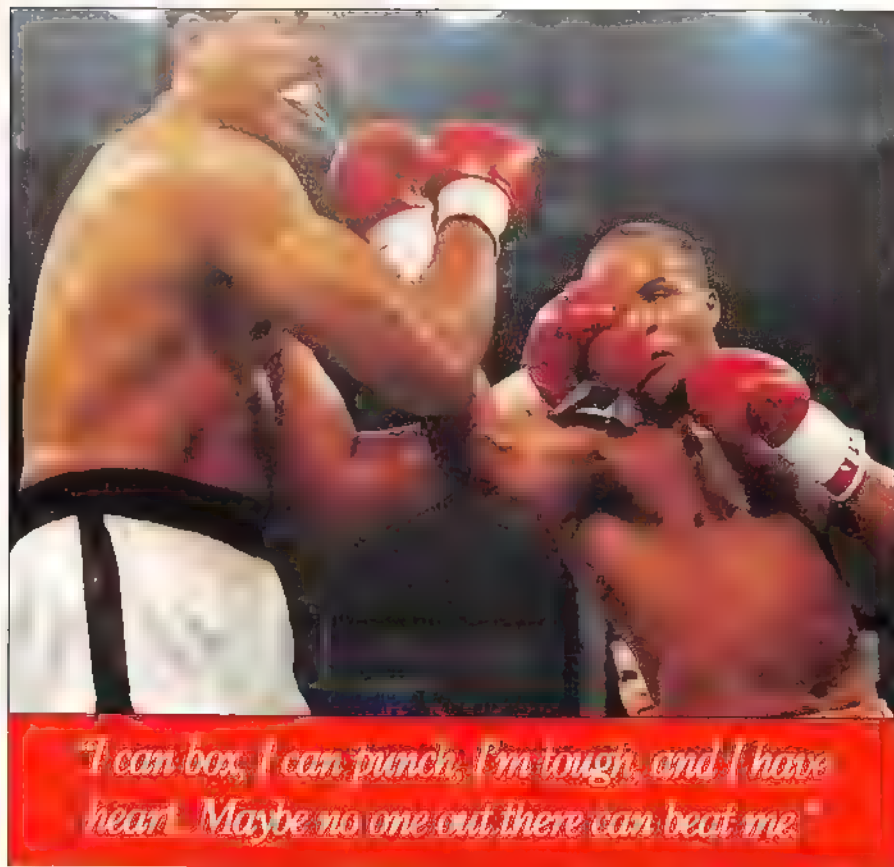
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Absolutely, and I can't wait.

IS: A few million dollars in the bank, limo rides, and a table in any restaurant seems like a pretty good flipside to having no private life.

MM: That's why you put up with the bull-shit, and I've put up with it for a while. One of the biggest problems celebrities run into is people being rude. I'll be eating, and someone will come up and tap me and say, "I don't want to bother you while you're eating, but would you please give me your autograph?" I just look at 'em. Knowing that I'm eating, why would they want to walk over and bother me? You know why? So that if I don't sign for them, they can tell their friends that Michael Moorer is ignorant, that he has a bad attitude. People's minds are messed up.

IS: What do you think your public image is?

MM: A mean, rude, shrewd person. That's the image the press focuses so much on. Fans only know the bad things because nobody writes anything good. I'm not like any other heavyweight champion. I'm just plain old Michael Moorer. I'm not this flashy, gaudy guy who wears suits every day because he's champ. I'm a jeans, T-shirt, and sneaker man. I'm a big kid who likes to have fun, but I'm also a guy who doesn't let anyone take his pride or dignity away from him. I can joke around and laugh, but if somebody out there comes up and tries to disrespect me...I'm not going to let that happen.

IS: Much of your image has been created by you. It was you who said you've wanted to hurt people.

MM: I do my business in there. But that kind of stuff is all the press focused on.

IS: Fans aware of your knockout ratio and fearsome reputation expected an explosion against Holyfield, but instead they saw a chess match. Where was your passion that night?

MM: The passion was with me at all times. I knew what I had to do. I'm not going to fight the way other people expect me to fight, because then I'd be living my life for them. I'm going to do what makes me comfortable. I went in there expecting a tough fight. Why go in there and exert all the

IS: In describing your demeanor, is it safe to say you're not a guy who would allow Regis Philbin or Jay Leno to sail a right cross past your nose just to get a laugh from the audience?

MM: That stuff's not appropriate. People think that kind of stuff is fun and games, but I don't think it looks right when champions allow that to go on. I never liked seeing that.

IS: What has surprised you most about your reign?

MM: How many people kiss your ass because you're the heavyweight champion of the world. I try not to let anyone get away with that.

IS: After running the miles, doing the sit-ups, and taking the punches, haven't you earned that?

MM: No, that's being fake. My mother raised me to respect people no matter who they were. People should respect me because I'm a guy named Michael, not because of something I've done in the ring. There are people who are genuinely nice to me, but some people go overboard, and I can see through that.

IS: You haven't been anxious to unify the title against Lennox Lewis. Why not?

MM: Why rush it when there can be more money involved if we wait and let interest build? I'll fight him. Maybe next spring.

IS: So you'd be willing to take a risk like

that before a Tyson fight materializes?

MM: Life's a risk.

IS: What do you expect to see when Tyson returns to action?

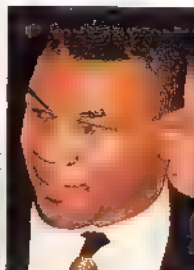
MM: It's so hard to tell. He said he'll fight again, but I don't think he should. There will be too much pressure on him. Mike Tyson always had pressure on him, but it will be even worse when he gets out of jail. People will expect him to be the old Tyson again. The public will anticipate so much from him, and when he fails, that's going to be a big disappointment for him to have to deal with. If I was him, I wouldn't even fight. I'd go to school or do something else. Maybe he can't do anything else.

IS: Will a four-year layoff ruin him or rejuvenate him?

MM: There's no way to know, but if it was me, that layoff would make me worse than before, and I wouldn't fight again.

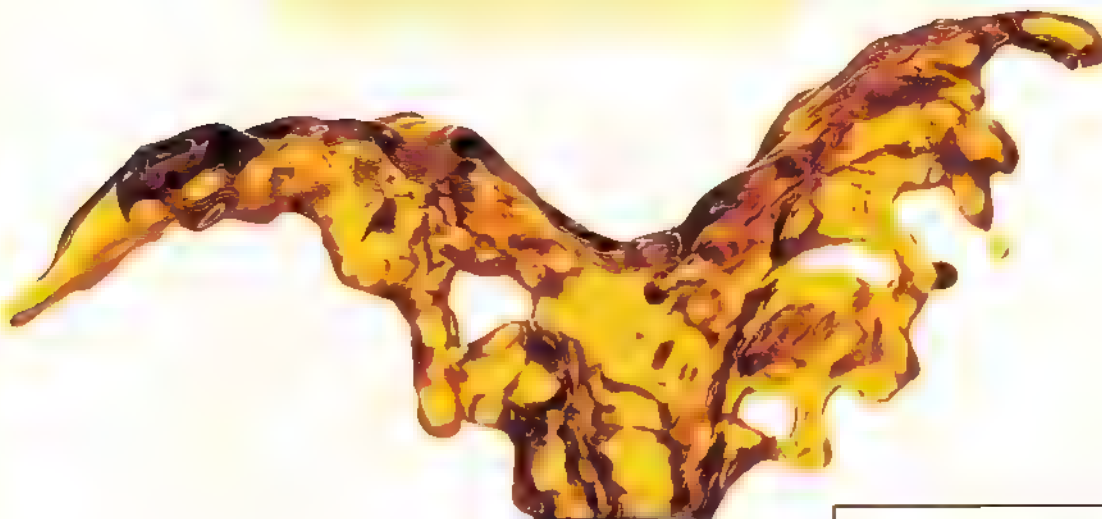
IS: Few fighters are able to give up the attention and adulation that easily. What makes you think you could?

MM: My private life has become public, and that bothers me. Just to sell magazines or newspapers, the press will try to find dirt on you. Could I give that up?



"If I was Tyson I wouldn't fight. I'd go to school. But maybe he can't do anything else."

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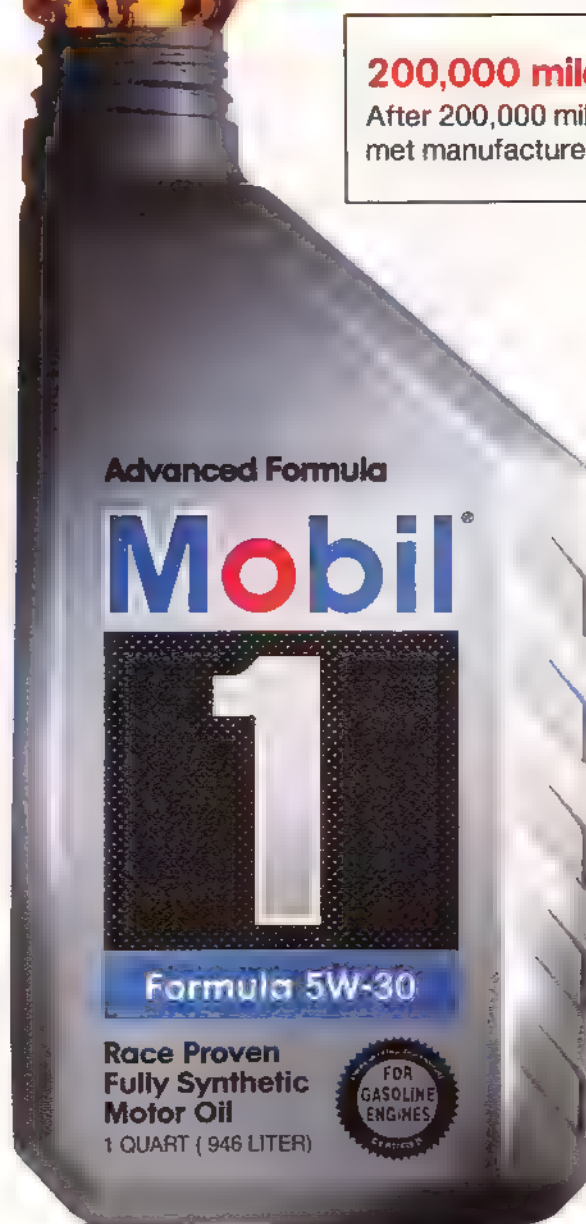
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energy out of my body trying to knock him out? Knocking out Holyfield is very hard to do. He's never been knocked out. I went out there and outboxed him. I used my jab and was effective.

IS: In so many other fights, though, you were practically obsessed with scoring a knockout.

MM: Every opponent is different. You can't knock out everybody. I was going to work off my jab, and if the knockout came, it came.

IS: Your trainer, Teddy Atlas, did an excellent job of inspiring you in your corner. Did he win the fight for you?

MM: We won it together. I was comfortable going into the fight with him. A lot of people made a big deal out of what he did in the corner, but people who know boxing know that's part of the motivation. He knew

Lampley, and Larry Merchant] too. It's understandable that they would like him, but you're not supposed to bring that into the broadcast. You could tell they were biased.

IS: Despite your assassin image, you're one of the few fighters who refuses to engage in the pre-fight staredown ritual. Why?

MM: A staredown doesn't win a fight, and no matter what everyone thinks, it isn't intimidating. Anyone who could be psyched out by a staredown wouldn't have the courage to get in the ring in the first place.

IS: What scares you?

MM: That my son won't grow up to be healthy and successful, that he'll fall off into that street trap of being a gangster.

IS: Are you afraid of losing?

MM: I'm afraid of getting seriously hurt in the ring. That's a bad way to go. Losing one

the president of South Africa. Only he believed it was possible. He's a courageous man

IS: How concerned are you about race relations in America? Is the situation as bad as the media make it sound?

MM: The situation here concerns me. Sometimes the media exaggerate it, but it's there. It's evident. Racism has been here for centuries, and it always will be here.

The trouble today is that a lot of people react without thinking. We were driving in the car in New Jersey last week. I was in the back seat and a buddy of mine, a black guy, was in the front seat. We pulled alongside this other car; a black guy in that car had his window rolled down. My buddy just casually looked over at him, and the guy said, real nasty, "What the — are you looking at?" Attitudes. That's not a black-and-white incident, but it shows how bad people's attitudes have become. I don't know if it's as much a race problem out there as it is an attitude problem.

IS: Are you a role model?

MM: I don't think I am. People expect me to be, but the only person I should be a role model to is my son. I shouldn't be a role model to kids I'm not around every day. A good role model is a parent or a teacher, someone a kid always sees. I'm a sports hero. That's not the same thing.

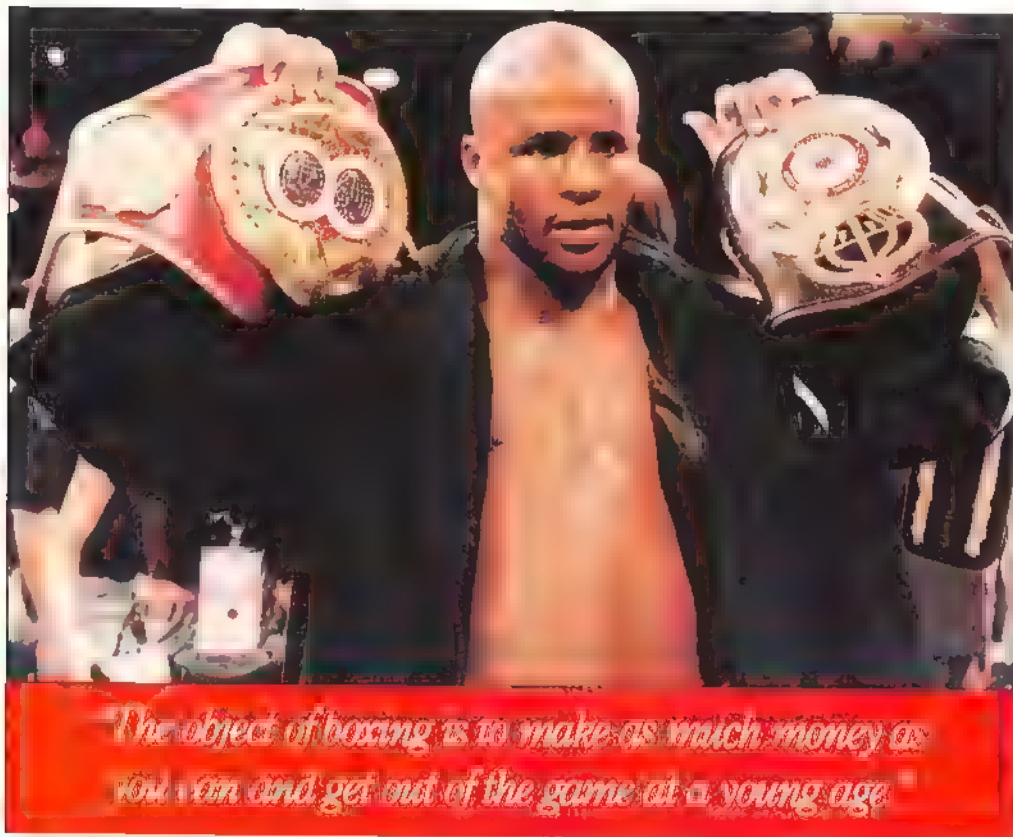
IS: Does a heavyweight champion owe anything to the public?

MM: I owe no one anything. I live for my son and myself, not other people. I have obligations to defend my title against mandatory contenders, but those are the only obligations I see.

IS: You like to spend a lot of time alone, immersing yourself in thought and visualizing your future. What's the best future

you can imagine?

MM: It doesn't have anything to do with boxing. I imagine raising my son the proper way, keeping him out of trouble and being there when he graduates college. And I envision myself as some type of law-enforcement officer. I think I can be a help to society. There are a lot of police officers who take advantage of their positions. I'll be a person who can help people and not let the badge and gun go to my head. When I get out of the game, I'm going to go to school, get my degree, and become a law



what to expect out of his fighter, and he brought it out. Teddy earned my respect the first day I met him, when I saw he was a very serious person. He's a lot like me: honest and sincere, and he doesn't take shit from people.

IS: The HBO announcers were criticized afterward for being blatantly pro-Holyfield. Why do you think they were cheerleading for him?

MM: Holyfield was a good champion and a good person. I liked him, and he was the favorite of [announcers Foreman, Jim

day, though, that's to be expected—unless you're Rocky Marciano. Boxing is a game where even the best have gotten beaten.

There's probably someone out there better than I am, but I can box, I can punch, I'm tough, and I have heart, so maybe there isn't anyone out there who can beat me. A strong-minded person like me doesn't worry about it. If I lost, I'd come back and wipe it out.

IS: Whom do you admire?

MM: Nelson Mandela. He was in jail for so many years, and he got out and became

enforcement officer. I'm going to be the best at that. Trust me.

Right now I feel like a very relaxed person. I used to have a bad temper and get mad at the slightest things. I knew it was a problem. I didn't want to be that way. I didn't like myself that way. I faced the problem, and I dealt with it. I practiced disciplining myself and controlling my emotions. When I'd drink, I'd become real violent and want to fight and tear up shit and be destructive, so I learned to control myself. I can go a whole year at a time now without having a drink.

IS: How much would you have to drink to set you off?

MM: One beer. I'm not a drinker, so it would go right to my head.

IS: Did drinking lead to an incident with the police?

MM: Yeah. It's over and done with, so I don't want to talk about it. Incidents happen. It won't happen again.

IS: What's another question you don't want to be asked?

MM: [Long pause] Michael, who's the most beautiful woman in the world?

IS: Why is that one off-limits?

MM: Because I think about her every day.

IS: Somebody famous?

MM: Yes.

IS: The suspense is killing us.

MM: Jeanne Ashe, Arthur Ashe's widow. She's the most beautiful woman in the world. The world.

IS: Have you met her?

MM: I received my title belts in New York one time, and I was coming back to the hotel in a limo. Out of all the people in New York, I spotted her on the corner, waving down a taxi. I just got so excited. I yelled at the limo driver, "Stop the car!" I got out, ran up to her, and said, "Hello, my name is Michael, and I just wanted to meet you." I shook her hand, but she was in a hurry to catch the taxi. No makeup on. Oh, she was beautiful.

IS: Did she know who you were?

MM: No, probably not, but I didn't care about that. I would love to get together with her just to have dinner and talk, but I think she's taking [Ashe's] death very hard, and I don't want to pry and get into her business. Arthur Ashe was an extraordinary man, so I'm sure she's an extraordinary woman.

IS: What was the question you want to be asked?

MM: Michael, what is going to make you very happy? The answer is: getting out of boxing one day with my privacy left.

IS: And with everyone still guessing what you're really like?

MM: Absolutely. ■

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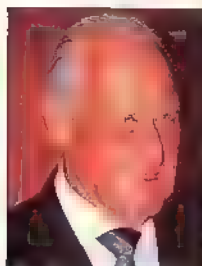
BOB TRUMPY'S HEAVY HITTERS:

THE MEN WHO WILL

SHAPE



THE NFL SEASON



The NFL faces more changes—on and off the field—than it's seen in recent years.

Here are the men who will make a difference

By BOB TRUMPY

IDON'T EVER REMEMBER A YEAR in the NFL in which there were so many personnel changes, both on and off the field. One of the things that made the league so good is that season in and season out, you knew which teams you were rooting for. The teams had some history, and for that reason you either supported them or thought they were

bums. But now with all the movement throughout the league brought about by free agency and the salary cap, the affections of the fans have been divided.

We've seen the end of the era when a player spends his entire career with one team. It's just gone. I think ownership is going to give players a quick hook over the next several years. Free agency and the

salary cap have made players into mercenaries.

But players need to remember that, first and foremost, this is a game. That's the way football used to be: a game first and a business second. Nowadays, though, teams are competing against a salary cap and free agency, and all the movement throughout the league has, more than at

any point in the NFL's history, turned football into a business first and a game second.

It affects the way people play football. Hey, if you don't like the weather in a particular city, there's always another place for you to play. It used to be a big deal to put on a team's jersey and helmet and say, "Wow, I'm a Raider," or "Wow, I'm a 49er." But now, once you're the property of the NFL, what difference does it make where you play? For veteran players, in particular, free agency encourages that attitude.

With all of these changes, it's definitely going to be a pivotal season in the NFL. And as we examine the on-field and off-field personnel who will have the greatest impact on the league this year, a good place to start is in Dallas—the scene of some of the most significant offseason upheaval. As the 1994 season starts up, all eyes will be focused on the Cowboys for at least the first half of the year.

■ JERRY JONES & BARRY SWITZER

Jones, owner of the Super Bowl champion Cowboys, sparked the departure of then-coach Jimmy Johnson this offseason with some childish comments in a hotel bar; Johnson eventually resigned amid the conflict. Therefore, the most important

thing Jones can do this season is to only talk to Switzer, his new coach, during daylight hours. All of their meetings must take place at breakfast or lunch—and preferably in a dry county in the state of Texas. Things will work out a lot better that way.

To succeed as Dallas' coach, there are a few things Switzer needs to do. First, he has to make sure that he has witnesses anytime he talks with Jones—preferably his coaching staff. Under no circumstances should he go anywhere privately with Jerry Jones.

My other suggestions to Switzer are that he put running back Emmitt Smith up in hotel suites on the road and pack the Super Bowl XXVIII most valuable player in Styrofoam pellets for the plane rides. Smith is the absolute epicenter of the Cowboys, and he needs to be catered to like no other player in the past 10 years. Switzer should offer to cook for Smith, clean his house, and chauffeur him to and from practice. He must keep Smith on his side.

■ JIMMY JOHNSON

It will be interesting to see how Johnson does on television this season as an analyst for Fox. We'll know which team he eventually will go to as a head coach by some of the comments he makes.

I don't think he'll spend more than a season in the television booth. People such as Johnson, Woody Hayes, George Allen, and Buddy Ryan were made to be on the sidelines. No matter how successful Johnson is on television, he won't be happy. Television isn't a big enough apple for him to chew.

What characters such as Johnson miss most about football is the instant gratification that comes from calling the right play that wins a game for you. Once you're out of the game, there's no legal substitute for that adrenaline rush. And nothing robs you of that big rush more than the television business.

In addition, there now are a lot of owners who are very quick to change head coaches. And they'll be very quick to try to acquire Johnson—they'll look for reasons to hire him. Believe me, Jimmy Johnson will be courted throughout the NFL this season.



Ryan may rub his owner raw, but he can clean up the mess in Arizona.

■ BUDDY RYAN

Turner, who was Dallas' offensive coordinator before accepting a head coaching job with the Redskins this offseason, can supply the goods. But the front office in Washington will need to be patient, and we all know how impatient the Redskins are historically. Richie Petitbon, for example, was fired as the team's coach after one year.

Turner is a wonderful teacher, and that will mean a lot because he's starting out with a young quarterback, No. 1 pick Heath Shuler of Tennessee. Just as he did with Troy Aikman in Dallas, Turner will help build Shuler into a fundamentally sound quarterback. The only question I have is whether Turner will have time to school Shuler while taking on the increased burden of being a head coach. He has a lot more to deal with now. However, Turner went through some hard times in Dallas before the Cowboys became the league's premier team, and if he's given a long-term opportunity he can construct a winner.

■ BUDDY RYAN

I think Bill Bidwill changed his team's name from the Phoenix Cardinals to the Arizona Cardinals to create a little more real estate between himself and Ryan, his new coach. The comments the Cardinals owner is bound to hear from Buddy should come second-hand, out of the newspaper—he never should be in the same room as Ryan. Bidwill should get a nice tan, take up gardening, and stay away from Buddy. Simply allow the coach to do what he has done everywhere else he has been: build a winner.

Ryan grates on people like a human S.O.S. pad—if you come in contact with



AP/WIDEWORLD



Something new, something old: Norton (left) brings some fire to the 49ers defense, while Rice continues his march into pro football history.

him, he's going to rub you raw, but he also cleans up things. If he's allowed to make the talent acquisitions he wants, he'll get the job done, no matter whom he offends. It'll help that Ryan is in Phoenix, which isn't as big a media market as Philadelphia, where he was Eagles coach from 1986 to '90. You can kind of get lost in Phoenix, and that will be good for Ryan. Just leave him alone.

■ STEVE YOUNG

The acquisitions the 49ers have made through free agency and the draft will make this season Young's best chance to exorcise the ghost of Joe Montana. Players such as first-round draft pick William Floyd, a fullback from Florida State, and free-agent linebacker Ken Norton must have Young beaming.

Without question, this is Young's best chance to win a Super Bowl for the 49ers and get that monkey off his back. The opportunity has come from the pieces owner Edward J. DeBartolo Jr., president Carmen Policy, and coach George Seifert have put on the field for him. In this new era of free agency and the salary cap, the 49ers seem to know what they're doing, and as a result, Young, who led the NFC with 4,023 yards passing last season, finally might get out from under Montana's shadow. Unless I'm totally off base, San Francisco is the team to beat.

■ JERRY RICE

I've often felt that when Steve Young completes a pass to Rice, classical music should be played during the television replay. As a broadcaster for NBC, I've felt inadequate trying to describe what

Rice does. The music of great classical composers such as Beethoven and Wagner does a better job of describing Rice than anybody in the broadcast booth could do.

He is an absolute artist, and when he breaks the record for career touchdowns—entering the season he was eight shy of Jim Brown's mark of 126—we will witness an amazing moment for the best receiver in the history of the NFL. There is no question about that. And with tight end Brent Jones, who had 68 catches last year, and a potent running game led by Ricky Watters, you can't simply concentrate on Rice. Once again, Rice and company will force defenses to reinvent coverage schemes.

■ KEN NORTON

The best way to describe what this free-agent linebacker will bring to the 49ers is to look at his performance last year. Norton had an injury in '93—a torn tendon in his right biceps—that would have forced most players to have surgery and miss the bulk of the season. However, he continued to play with a cast and basically had a Pro Bowl season while using just one arm. It's been a long time since I've seen anybody as tough as Norton.

You can forget all the charts and other ways teams measure players—there's no way to gauge the inner strength of a player such as Ken Norton. He'll be an instant positive for the 49ers. I think Norton got some

of his strength from his former Cowboys coach, Jimmy Johnson. Norton knows how to practice, what to practice, and how to employ that knowledge in the games.

■ ART DAVIS

The last person to challenge the Raiders owner contractwise was running back Marcus Allen. Allen held out in training camp for more money. Davis signed him, but from that point on, Allen was in the doghouse. Now the question is, has Tim Brown—who was courted by the Broncos this offseason but signed a \$10 million deal with the Raiders—incurred the wrath of Davis?

If Davis is smart—and a lot of people think he is—he should leave Brown and quarterback Jeff Hostetler alone. If Davis hasn't learned from history, then he's fooled a lot of us. I'm tired of Davis portraying himself as a victim, a guy the whole world is against.

He needs to change his tune and show some faith in coach Art Shell. If, for once, he can stay out of the team's way, the Raiders will be fine—but I know that won't happen. There seems to be a distance between Davis and the players, and it's unhealthy. He paints the Raiders as a big, happy family, but it doesn't appear to be that way.

■ BOBBY ROSS & BOBBY BEATHARD

Gene Upshaw, the head of the NFL Players Association, should sit down with Chargers coach Ross and team general manager Beathard, and explain to them how free agency and the salary cap are good for football. If Ross and Beathard buy Upshaw's explanation, I'll buy it; if they don't, it'll be clear that once again Upshaw has done more damage than good to the game and its players.

You don't ever want a team to be considered merely a supplier of talent for the rest of the NFL, but that's what has happened to the Chargers in the past two years. This offseason alone they lost big contributors in wide receiver Anthony Miller, linebacker Gary Plummer, and quarterback John Friesz in free agency, and last year they lost running back Rod Bernstein. San Diego, which won the AFC West in 1992 with an 11-5 record but appears to be destined to finish in the cellar this season, had the misfortune of having several players come up for new contracts at the same time, and salary-cap restraints meant the

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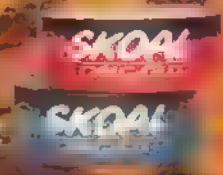
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Ross [above] is searching the heavens for replacement players in San Diego, while Marino's return has Miami thinking Super Bowl.



team couldn't keep them all. I'm sure Upshaw could show Ross and Beathard how, in the long run, the salary cap is much better for the game. Still, I don't think they'll buy it—and neither do I.

■ ANTHONY MILLER

The arrival of wide receiver Miller in Denver this season—a big blow to San Diego—gives quarterback John Elway a chance to put the Broncos back in the Super Bowl. Miller is that good.

How does an opponent defend against both Miller—who had 84 catches and seven touchdowns for the Chargers last year—and tight end Shannon Sharpe, who posted 84 with nine TDs for the Broncos? I don't know what kind of defense teams can run against those two. Without question, the addition of Miller gives Denver the best offense in the AFC.

■ DAN MARINO

The game needs Marino. We need his eyes—he has wonderful eyes—and that rocking motion just before the snap, and that quick release. Those things are part of the beauty of the game.

It bothered Marino to be standing on the sidelines last year. He missed football badly when he went out with an Achilles tendon injury. A lot of players who have season-ending injuries basically remove themselves from the team, but Marino sat in on every team meeting that he could after his surgery and had individual meetings with his replacement, Scott Mitchell, to try to teach him reads. In fact, now Mitchell does the same type of rocking behind the center Marino does. Dan is one of the game's greatest competitors, and I think he can make it all the way back from his injury.

■ SCOTT MITCHELL

Mitchell probably will live up to the \$11 million contract he signed with the Detroit Lions—but that has less to do with him and more to do with running back Barry Sanders. All Mitchell needs to do is hand off the ball to Sanders and applaud as he runs by. Then he'll be earning his money.

In Sanders, Detroit has the ultimate weapon. No team seems to be able to stop this guy when he's healthy. If Mitchell hands off the ball to Sanders 25 times a game and throws 18 to 20 times, Detroit will be a damn good team. The one thing Mitchell has to worry about is the adulation and attention that comes with being a starting quarterback, but he'll handle it very well—a lot of guys can't, but Mitchell will be OK on that front.

■ JEFF GEORGE

I have one suggestion for new Falcons coach June Jones: find a hypnotist for George. He couldn't get his head straight in Indianapolis, and if somebody doesn't get through to George in his new locale, Atlanta, one of the greatest arms in the history of football will be totally and completely wasted. I don't know what it's going to take, but Jones has to find the right psychological button to push with George, and Jones is the perfect candidate for the task. He was a backup quarterback in the NFL and had to struggle for years to get a head coaching job. He's a great coach of quarterbacks.

I don't think George has any notion of how good he can be. This kid is just poetry when he throws the ball, but everything else involved with him is a mess. If Jones can tap into George's talent, he has a keeper—but it's going to be like searching through a dark tunnel.

■ RUPERT MURDOCH

The Fox network owner isn't very difficult to figure out; that's the best thing about him. Recognizing that the first thing Fox needed was credibility after the network landed the rights to televise NFC games, he went out and got the two most credible broadcasters there are: John Madden and Pat Summerall. Forget everybody else—no matter who else works for Fox, it now is the network of Madden and Summerall. Murdoch didn't hesitate or pussy-foot around;

he said, "We took the games from CBS, but we're not done yet." I admire his straightforwardness.

I also commend him and the people around him for hiring several young broadcasters to break into the NFL business. That should present an interesting mix. Fox upset some people—there's no question about that—but at the same time, Murdoch hasn't shied away from anything that might be a problem. I guess money solves a lot of problems.

■ JOAO HAVELANGE

I want to know how in the hell the president of FIFA, soccer's international governing body, was able to replace artificial turf with grass in the Pontiac Silverdome and Giants Stadium for World Cup games. If World Cup matches are played on grass to protect the athletes, why isn't the same thing done for NFL players? As a result of all the games and practices I endured on artificial turf as an NFL tight end, I have arthritis in my hips, shoulders, and ankles.

If this Havelange dude can have grass grown indoors at the Silverdome, he must have some clout. Why in the hell isn't he in the United States? Get him over here. He deserves a job looking after NFL players. Get Havelange in touch with the NFL Players Association. ■

NBC pro football commentator BOB TRUMPY worked with associate editor WILL WAGNER on this article.

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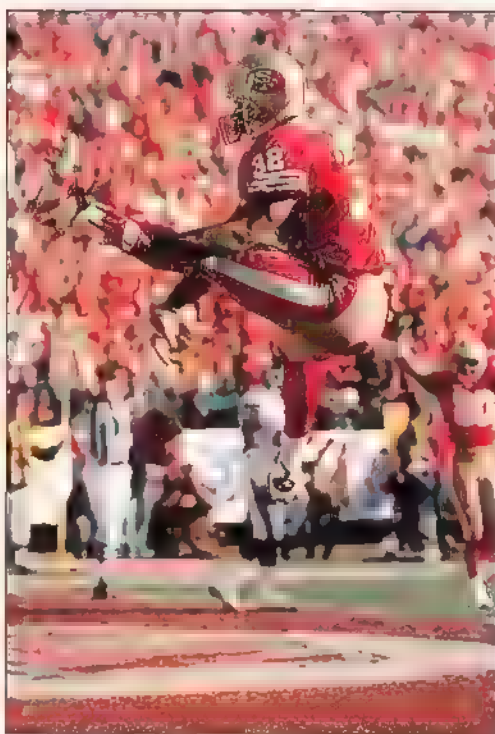
Multiple Exposures

CONTROVERSY surrounds Ricky Watters. Lawrence Taylor has called the star running back of the San Francisco 49ers a hotdog. He was a holdout after his first playing year with the Niners. He has quarreled publicly with coaches in both college and the pros. He puts himself in a class with three-time rush-

ing champ Emmitt Smith of the Dallas Cowboys, and he has gone public with his complaints when he hasn't carried the ball enough to prove he belongs in that company.

Is Watters an exhibitionist or exuberant? Immature or fun-loving? A great player or one whose antics hurt his team?

However you look at him, Watters is a most unlikely 49er. The San Francisco franchise wants its players to be



solid citizens. It does not want trash talkers on the field, or players who do dances after touchdowns or sacks. It does not want players who put down opponents, only to have the put-downs tacked up on bulletin boards in the opponents' locker rooms.

In recent years the 49ers have traded away talented players who did not meet their standards—

most notably defensive end Charles Haley and cornerback Tim McKyer. Yet they've designated Watters a transition player, which allows the team to match any offer made to him—a fact that indicates his coaches think he's a strong asset.

"His enthusiasm is usually a positive," says Niners coach George Seifert. "He's a very productive player, and he works hard in practice. He really has a good work

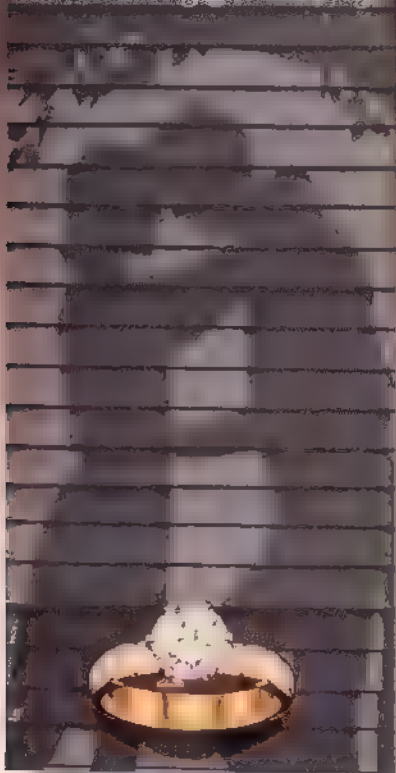
*Hotdog? Budding
superstar? Loose
cannon? Potential
team leader? Ricky
Watters of the San
Francisco 49ers is
all of the above*

By GLENN DICKEY



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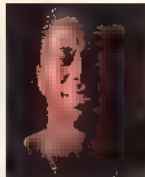
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ethic. The only time you worry is when it's distracting to his teammates."

Offensive coordinator Mike Shanahan shares that view of Watters. "He's so excitable that you have to be concerned about his focus," Shanahan says. "Sometimes he gets so excited that he's going in all different directions and forgets what he's supposed to be doing. But you have to like his enthusiasm and the fact that he really wants to do well. That's very important to him."

"Sometimes I exhaust myself by getting so emotional in a game," Watters admits. "We'll be driving and get down to the 10-yard line, where you really want to punch it in, and I'll be jumping around and everything, and I'll be exhausted."

"If I get excited, that affects the team, so I have to think about that. I always have to make sure that the things I do affect the team in a positive way. But if I didn't have that excitement, I'd get out because it wouldn't be fun."

For the supercharged Watters, football is fun. Life is fun. He's a guy who can't sit still for long; he fidgets as he talks, the words pouring out in torrents. Ask Watters a question, and the words are hardly out of your mouth before he's answering—more than answering, in fact. He doubles back on the question, answers it twice, even three times, in only slightly different fashion.

He comes across as friendly, eager to please, and without a malicious bone in his body. And he has been hurt and perplexed at what he views as misinterpretation of his enthusiasm. "I just wish more people could get to know me," he says, "because people who just see me on the field might make one judgment, but people who meet me off the field, who know my background, who realize I'm a solid guy, would have a different idea. That's why I was happy to do this interview, so people could get to know the real me."

"From day one, when I started playing football, baseball—it was the same with all sports—if I did something super, I wanted to celebrate it. Now if I make a play, why shouldn't I be happy? I've just gone through some of the best athletes in the world."

"I never try to show anybody up. I don't taunt anybody or talk trash—I just get excited. It's like in a basketball game when

a guy dunks the ball. Well, if I'm on the team with him, that would fire me up. It's the same thing with me: an exclamation point."

Personality aside, there is no doubt about Watters' ability. "He's so strong he can break tackles when he runs, and he brings a very important dimension to our offense because of his ability to catch passes," says Shanahan. "I really think if he had some time to work at the position, he could be a wide receiver in this league."

In 1992, his first playing year (he was on injured reserve for the 1991 season after San Francisco drafted him in the second round that year), Watters gave the 49ers the every-down running back they'd been looking for since they lost Roger Craig to Plan B in 1991. In '92 Watters rushed for 1,013 yards (a 4.9-yard average) and caught 43 passes for another 405 yards. Last season he missed three games due to injury but still ran for 950 yards (a 4.6-yard average) and caught 31 passes for 326 yards.

***"If I make a play,
why shouldn't I be
happy? I've just
gone through
some of the best
athletes in the
world."***

In his first NFL game, the 1992 season opener against the New York Giants, Watters ran for an even 100 yards on just 13 carries. "When I got the century, that was a pretty big thing," he says, "but I could tell my teammates were looking at me and saying, 'Well, you did it once, but can you do it again?' So, when I got 100 yards the second time we played New Orleans that season, it was really something, because I did it against a really great defense."

Watters quickly became a media favorite because of his willingness to say anything, at any time, about any subject. To his teammates, however, he was an enticing target for pranks and practical jokes, such as the time they told him he had a chance to win a free Cadillac.

"They said the Cadillac was supposed to have been given out to one of the fans, but some of the programs got into the dressing room by mistake," Watters recalls. "If a program had a player's signature in it, that was the one that was supposed to win the Cadillac. Well, I wasn't paying attention at first because I was thinking about the game coming up, but then I started leafing through mine, and it was signed. I looked around, but nobody was looking at me, so I figured it was real. I thought, I'm going to get that Caddy, and I got all excited, but of course, it was all a joke."



Against Pittsburgh last season Watters found the holes—then lost his head.

Last season, though, the novelty wore off, and Ricky started to get on the nerves of his coaches and teammates. He was late reporting to training camp because of a holdout, and when he did report, he was somewhere between 10 and 20 pounds above the 215 at which he had played in his first year.

"He said he was 225," Shanahan notes. "I told him that if he got on the scale I'd pay him \$500 for every pound he was under

225 if he'd pay me \$500 for every pound he was over. He wouldn't get on the scale."

Things took a nasty turn. Suddenly people were saying that Watters' teammates resented him, that his antics showed he'd gotten a big head, that he was out of control and hurting his team. The criticism was fueled by an incident in the third quarter of the '93 season opener in Pittsburgh, when Watters head-butted a Steelers player when he was clearly out of bounds.

Watters was tossed from the game, and the 49ers struggled, though they did manage to win.

Seifert was visibly upset with Watters at the time. "We had a long talk about that, because he crossed over the line there," says Seifert. "That was distracting, and he hurt the team because we didn't have him in there."

The Watters story that probably received the most public attention, however, came out of the regular-season game against the Dallas Cowboys last year. In the highly anticipated rematch of the previous season's NFC Championship Game, the 49ers employed Watters primarily as a flanker and decoy. He carried the ball just eight times for 32 yards and caught two passes for 31 yards. The 49ers lost 26-17 to drop to 2-4. Needless to say, Ricky was not happy about how he was used in that game, and he didn't hesitate to say so.

"Yeah, I talked to the coach about that," he says ruefully. "I think I talked to everybody. I like to catch the ball, I like to block, but I'm a running back. You talk to any running back; he wants to be running with the ball. That's the way I can help my team the most."

Seifert made some tart comments about both Watters and wide receiver Jerry Rice, who also complained that he didn't see the ball enough in that game. But the coach has moderated his view since then. "The Dallas game wasn't anything," Seifert says

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now. "To some extent, you're always going to have that, and you don't mind it because you want players who are confident like Jerry Rice, who say

that they want to see the ball more. You don't want players who just will do anything the coach says. You have to be careful, too, that you don't try to repress a player's enthusiasm."

Watters also has tempered his views. "This is the perfect offense for me," he says now. "In another offense I might carry the ball more, but in this offense I can do everything. I feel really good about this."

Whether the public comments by Watters and Rice had an effect, or whether Seifert and Shanahan just came to their senses—after all, no matter how many offensive weapons you have, no matter what kind of defense your opponent plays, it doesn't make sense to use talents such as Rice and Watters primarily as decoys—that was the last time Watters was employed in a secondary role in the '93 season. Not coincidentally, the 49ers won eight straight games after the Dallas loss.

The winning streak muted criticism of



At Notre Dame, Watters had run-ins with Holtz as well as with opponents.

Watters, but the talk flared up again before the divisional playoff game between the 49ers and New York Giants at Candlestick Park last year, when Taylor called Watters a hotdog. Watters answered that criticism in the most effective way—with five touchdowns in a 44-3 49ers romp. Still, he admits being puzzled by LT's remarks.

"I wasn't trying to show up Lawrence

Taylor," he says. "Man, he was a great linebacker, one of the greatest ever to play the game. Just being on the same field with Lawrence Taylor

cockiness in his manner, a confidence that has existed since he was a youngster. And there's a lot of flash—the black panther tattoos on his shoulder and leg, the sleek black sports car with a warning system that barks if someone gets too close and a remote control system with which Watters can start the engine from several yards away.

But none of that stuff is terribly unusual for a star athlete, and when you look at how Watters conducts himself on the field, the criticism of him seems rather silly. For instance, he'll slip himself up from a tackle without putting his hands down, and in practice, he'll run 60 yards instead of 30 yards after a play. In games, he'll run back to the huddle instead of trotting, and he'll

chatter excitedly, imploring quarterback Steve Young to give him the ball.

Football is an emotional game, and emotion is part of Watters' nature. His motor constantly is running, on and off the field, and it always has been. "When I was a kid, my parents took me to a doctor," he says. "They thought I was hyperactive because I couldn't sit down for two min-

utes. The doctor said, 'He's all boy, and he's going to be like that for a while.'"

So it is established that this is an excitable young man. Is that a crime? Watters goes full out, both in practice and during games. He brings to the field exuberance and flamboyance, which makes him a fan favorite. For the NFL, which some have said stands for "No Fun League," Watters should be a poster boy.

"Just being on the same field with Lawrence Taylor felt great. And if I'm able to get around him, that's even better."

felt great. And if I'm able to get around him, that's even better."

What is it about Watters that so enrages people? There is, indeed, a



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Ricky Watters got an early start on an athletic career. He remembers his father getting him into sports as early as age six. "There would always be some kind of ball as a gift at Christmas, and my dad was always playing catch with me," Watters recalls.

His father hoped Ricky would become a baseball player, but it was football, basketball, and track that occupied his time in high school in Harrisburg, Pa. Gradually football took center stage, as he made All-State as a running back his last two years. "When I was a junior, I started getting letters from college football coaches," Ricky says. "I figured that was where my future was, so I'd better concentrate on football."

"I always thought I was going to play pro sports. When I was in high school, I used to practice my signature. My friends would ask me what I was doing, and I would say I was practicing for when I was famous. They'd say, 'Man, you're good, but you're not *that* good.' But I knew I was."

"I watched Tony Dorsett when he was at the Pitt. He was my first model as a running back, you might say. Then Eric Dickerson came along, and he was so

Watters played on a national championship team for the Irish as a sophomore—but at flanker, not his position of choice.

"Coach Holtz and I bumped heads on that," Watters recalls. "He thought I was a wide receiver, that I had the build for it and everything. I wasn't happy playing there. I didn't feel I was getting the chance to prove I could play running back, and I'd been told when I was being recruited that I would play there."

When Watters was a junior, Holtz did move him to the backfield. Watters rushed for 794 yards that season and 623 as a senior. He set a school record with a 97-yard punt return for a touchdown and tied another with three punt-return touchdowns as a junior.

Of course, Watters never kept his dissatisfaction with his role as a flanker a secret, and the "attitude" tag probably is the reason he slipped to the second round in the '91 draft. Now, in what passes for a reflective mood for him, he says his experience as a college flanker has helped him as a pro.

"The more things you can do, the better off you are," he says. "I can play wide receiver, I can play running back, I can even throw the ball a little. And I can block, too."

"The 49ers were my team even before they drafted me. I liked the way they executed, the way they just marched down the field. It was like a dream come true for me when I first got here. I looked

around, and there's Steve Young and Jerry Rice and Tom Rathman. It was a thrill just to be there."

Now, though, he knows he belongs, and he's thinking in team terms. This, he believes, could be a Super Bowl year for the 49ers, who have lost three of the last four NFC Championship Games. "This is the first time we've gone into a season with

our minds clear," Watters says. "There was the controversy over Joe [Montana] last year, and before that, Roger Craig was leaving and Ronnie Lott. Last year, first our left tackle got hurt and then our right tackle got hurt, and then Steve had the bad thumb, and then I got hurt. By the end of the year we were mentally exhausted."

To win, the 49ers will need a big year from Watters. Shanahan, who works most closely with him, thought he saw a welcome change in minicamps and in workouts in the offseason. "I think he's matured

a lot," the offensive coordinator says. "He came to minicamp at 212 this year, and I know he's worked a lot harder to get himself ready for the season. He has a better understanding now of what he has to do. Young players sometimes think they just have to show up and do their thing, but veterans know you're only as good as your last game, that you have to keep proving yourself. Ricky knows that now."

Watters agrees. "I'm really trying to get into the game more mentally," he says. "I feel like I'm at the stage where I should be a leader on this team. I want my teammates to look to me for that."

"I'm always looking for ways to improve. Some guys get here and say, 'Well, I'm here, that's enough.' I don't feel that way. If I'm good, I want to be better. I look at Jerry Rice. He's always thinking he can improve. Everybody else looks at him and says, 'What could be improved?' Having a guy like that on your team is such a help. I can look at what he's doing, and I think I can go in the same direction."

To that end, Watters worked out in the offseason with Rice, whose arduous conditioning regimen is legendary. "I'm not on the same plane with Jerry, but I'm working harder than I ever have before," says Watters. "I used to wait until after minicamp before really hitting it hard, but I started a lot earlier this year."

Not to worry, though. With maturity, Watters may be more focused on the field, but he's the same high-energy personality he's always been. Listen to him talk about himself off the field: "It's hard for me to sit and read a book, be totally quiet and relaxed. I feel like I'm missing something. It's hard for me to talk on the phone. A lot of my friends sit and talk for hours. For me, once I say what I've got to say, I'm off."

The motor is still running. ■



Off the field and on, Watters keeps the engine revved.

smooth. I never saw a running back like that. Then I watched Walter Payton, and I thought that if I worked at it, maybe I could do some of the things he did. I might have tried one of their moves from time to time, but I can't say I really modeled myself after any of them. I'm my own guy."

In college at Notre Dame, though, Watters found out he was Lou Holtz's guy.

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THERE'S A GLARING SHORT-
age in the NBA these days:
the lack of consistent shoot-
ers. That never was more apparent
than in the 1994 NBA Finals, in
which the New York Knicks and
Houston Rockets struggled mightily
to score as many as 90 points a
game. Fact is, low scores were a sea-
son-long trend throughout the league,
and while aggressive defenses are
partly the cause, it's difficult to credit
the defense when players miss so
many open shots.

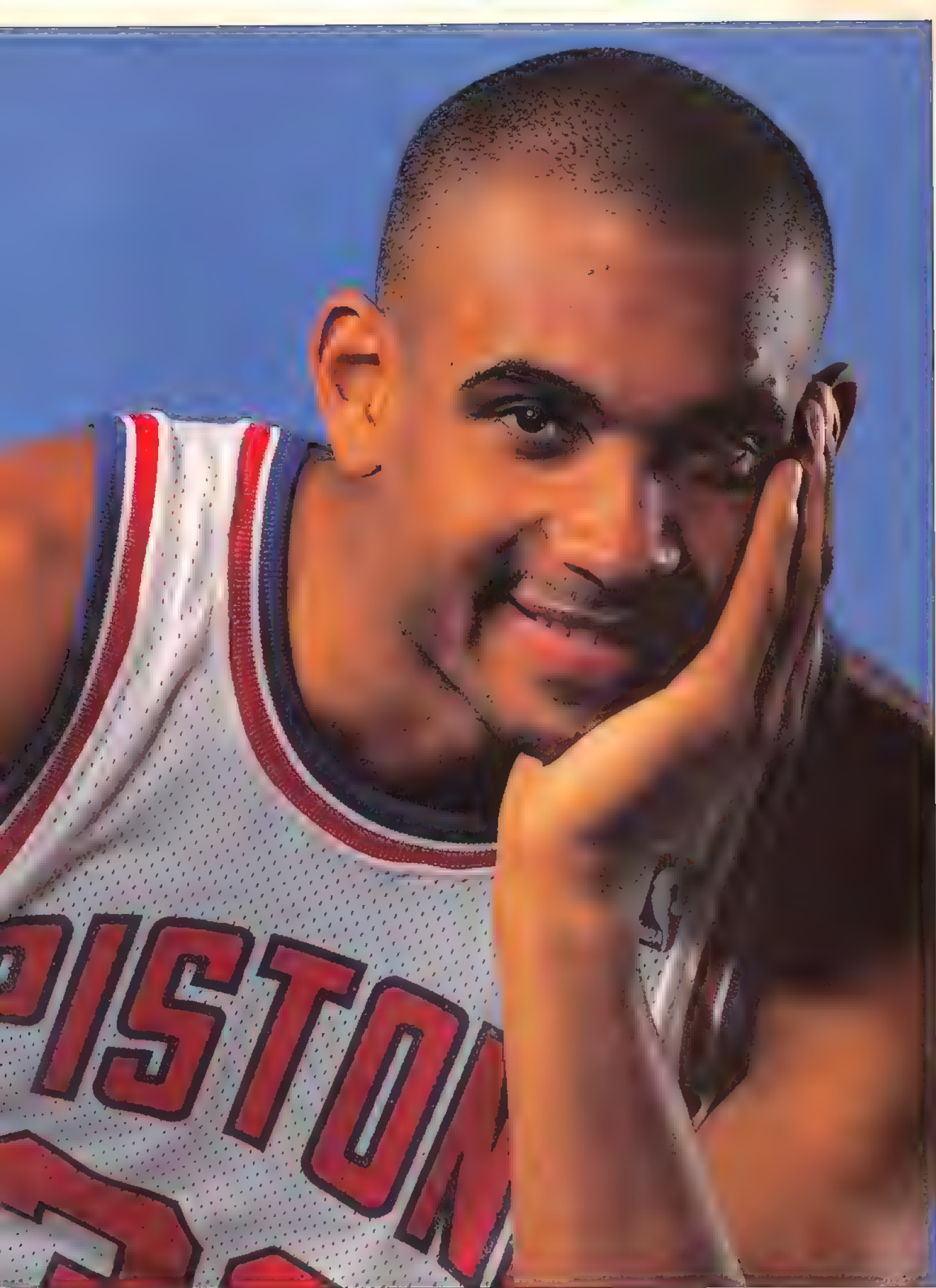
The shortcomings on offense, cou-
pled with the growing popularity of
the three-point shot in high school and
college ball, have caused a change in
draft strategy. Whereas the popular
thing to do once was to take the best
big man early in the first round, the
focus has shifted toward players who
can shoot or break down defenses—or
both—on a consistent basis.

This year's draft was only two
selections old before we realized how
much the mindset of personnel direc-
tors has changed. Years ago, no team
would have dared to select a point
guard—Jason Kidd, in this case—
ahead of such bigger bodies as
Sharone Wright, Eric Montross, and
Yinka Dare. This time, however, no
fewer than six point guards, off
guards, and small forwards—Kidd,
Glenn Robinson, Grant Hill, Lamond
Murray, Eddie Jones, and Khalid
Reeves—were among the first dozen
picks. Where does this leave the
NBA? Hopefully, more skilled on
offense.

With that in mind, here's how I
grade each team in the draft:

The Look of the Future

JAY L. PERRY





Big Dog: The Bucks get major muscle and scoring bite inside and outside.

SLAM DUNKS

MILWAUKEE Bucks

What they needed: A marquee name who could light up the home arena—the kind of player the Bucks haven't had since Sidney Moncrief was in his prime. A chronic lack of size and muscle up front also was a major concern.

Who was drafted: Small forward Glenn Robinson (first overall), center Eric Mobley (18th), off guard Voshon Lenard (46th).

How they'll fit: Robinson is an instant 20-points-plus scorer and is the hardest player of anyone in this draft to defend. He also provides flexibility: He's big enough to play power forward in a smaller lineup that has Vin Baker at center. A lot of people were surprised that the Golden State Warriors bypassed Mobley, whose physical toughness would have helped them in the middle. Lenard has returned to school.

Grade: A-plus.

DETROIT Pistons

What they needed: Floor leadership and inside presence

Who was drafted: Small forward Grant Hill (third), power forward Jevon Crudup (48th).

How they'll fit: In Hill, the Pistons landed the best all-around talent in the draft, not to mention the most NBA-ready player. Because 1993 first-rounder Lindsey Hunter

is more of a scorer than a ball distributor, Hill may fill a valuable role at point forward, similar to what Scottie Pippen has done for the Bulls. If they pull the right strings in the free-agent market, the Pistons can get well in a hurry.

Grade: A.

INDIANA Pacers

What they needed: An upgrade at point guard.

Who was drafted: Swingman Eric Piatkowski (15th), small forward William Njoku (41st), point guard Damon Bailey (44th).

How they'll fit: The Pacers' post-draft deal cast them as the preseason favorite in the Eastern Conference. Indiana dealt Piatkowski, Pooh Richardson, and Malik Sealy to the Clippers for Mark Jackson, the type of playoff-tested point guard who could take them to the next level, and Greg Minor, a strong, defense-minded off guard whom the Clippers took with the 25th overall selection. The moves make the Pacers a better team than the one that extended the Knicks to seven games in the conference finals.

Grade: A.

MINNESOTA Timberwolves

What they needed: Quality at small forward and center, and depth at point guard.

Who was drafted: Small forward Donyell Marshall (fourth), point guard Howard Eisley (30th).

How they'll fit: Never mind his subpar performance in the 1994 NCAA Tournament—Marshall has big-time potential as a scorer and a shot-blocker. He improved virtually across the board each of his years in college. Eisley lacks explosive speed and quickness, but has enough skill and know-how to spell Micheal Williams at point guard.

Grade: A.

NEW YORK Knicks

What they needed: An athletic scorer at small forward and a disciplined point guard for the future.

Who was drafted: Small forward Monty Williams (24th), point guard Charlie Ward (26th).

How they'll fit: The Knicks got more out of this draft than several teams that selected in front of them. Williams ranked among the top 15 players in terms of talent, but several teams shied away from him because of a heart condition. He can shoot,

and he has an NBA-caliber body. Ward is a smart, talented point guard whose shot and feel for the game will get better with experience.

Grade: A-minus.

TIP-INS

BOSTON Celtics

What they needed: Size and creativity in the backcourt and a successor to Robert Parish at center.

Who was drafted: Center Eric Montross (ninth), power forward Andrei Fetisov (36th).

How they'll fit: In the pre-draft camps Montross proved to be much more than just a plodder; he's a space-eater with good hands. The Celtics packaged Fetisov and veteran Ed Pinckney in a deal with the Bucks for Blue Edwards and forward Derek Strong, two offensive contributors who should help. The draft moves helped the Celtics, but further work remained in the free-agent market.

Grade: B-plus.

CLEVELAND Cavaliers

What they needed: An inside scorer and shot-blocker.

Who was drafted: Off guard Gary Collier (42nd).

How he'll fit: In 1993 the Cavaliers traded their first-round pick for Tyrone Hill, an unrestricted free agent at season's end. Could they have drafted someone as good at No. 16? Perhaps, but Hill provided an inside toughness the Cavs needed. The final grade depends on his address for '94-95.

Grade: B-plus.

DALLAS Mavericks

What they needed: When a team has bottomed out to the extent the Mavericks have, the immediate goal is to go for quality regardless of position. Specifically, a true point guard and a dependable rebounder and shot-blocker were high on the wish list.

Who was drafted: Point guard Jason Kidd (second), off guard Tony Dumas (19th), power forward Deon Thomas (28th).

How they'll fit: At 6'4" and 205 pounds, Kidd is a terrific physical package. Dumas is a slasher who improves team athleticism. Thomas is comparable to Juwan Howard, who was selected 23 picks earlier: There was some talk about a deal that would have sent the No. 2 pick and Jamal Mashburn to the Clippers in exchange for the No. 7 pick (which Dallas could have



Montross: Bulky but not earth-bound.



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Rose still doesn't have a position, but a winner is a winner is a winner.

used to select Montross) and Mark Jackson. The only real question is whether the Mavericks could have milked such a lucrative pick for even more.

Grade: B-plus.

HOUSTON Rockets

What they needed: More numbers on the front line.

Who was drafted: Forward Albert Burditt (53rd).

How he'll fit: At either forward position. Four years ago the Rockets packaged their first pick in this draft (No. 26) in a deal that brought Kenny Smith from the Hawks.

Smith played a significant role in their championship run, so the Rockets certainly weren't shortchanged.

Grade: B-plus.

PHILADELPHIA 76ers

What they needed: Quickness in the backcourt and muscle at power forward.

Who was drafted: Center Sharone

Wright (sixth), point guard B.J. Tyler (20th), power forward Derrick Alston (33rd).

How they'll fit: Wright has the body of a young Moses Malone, but some wonder whether he'll turn out to be more like Mel Turpin. There also is a question as to whether he can make a successful transition to power forward. Alston is another strong kid. Tyler possessed the best speed and quickness in the draft, with the possible exception of Darrin Hancock. However, his lack of discipline raises questions about his consistency in an 82-game season.

Grade: B-plus.

DENVER Nuggets

What they needed: A point guard and a backup center.

Who was drafted: Swingman Jalen Rose (13th).

How he'll fit: While Rose doesn't fill a specific need, he adds depth and quality. He knows how to play, is multidimensional, and is a winner. If Rose makes the grade at small forward, the Nuggets can move Reggie Williams to the backcourt, where he'll add much-needed size.

Grade: B.

LOS ANGELES Clippers

What they needed: An off guard and a small forward to replace, respectively, departed free agents Ron Harper and Dominique Wilkins.

Who was drafted: Small forward Lamond Murray (seventh), off guard Greg Minor (25th).

How they'll fit: Minor and veteran point guard Mark Jackson were dealt to the Pacers in return for projected Dan Majerle-clone Eric Piatkowski, veteran point guard Pooh Richardson, and 1992 first-rounder Malik Sealy. While Piatkowski and Sealy have upsides, Richardson has been a disappointment in previous NBA stops in Minnesota and Indiana. Murray has Glen Rice potential as a scorer, but a number of scouts believe he won't perform to expectations every game. The Clippers drafted before they hired the coach who will have to live with the decisions. Will this histori-

cally unstable franchise give the personnel time to jell?

Grade: B.

LOS ANGELES Lakers

What they needed: The Lakers were outrebounded by 4.3 boards per game and shot just 45% last season—facts that point to a need for someone who can bang bodies and score in the low post.

Who was drafted: Swingman Eddie Jones (10th).

How he'll fit: The ideal scenario for Los Angeles would have been to trade up in the draft in order to land one of the top-rated big men. Not having done so, general manager Jerry West made a smart move by going the best-player-available route. Not only can Jones beat a defender off the dribble, but

he has decent three-point range. With a glut of players in the Lakers backcourt, the challenge for West and new coach Del Harris will be to find the right mix.

Grade: B.

MIAMI Heat

What they needed: A power forward and a true point guard.

Who was drafted: Off guard/point guard Khalid Reeves (12th), small forward Jeff Webster (40th).

How they'll fit: With no big-name power player left on the board, the Heat made a good pick in Reeves, a guard from the same mold as Joe Dumars. If Reeves can hold his own at point guard, that would allow Steve Smith to move to off guard, where he is better suited.

Grade: B.

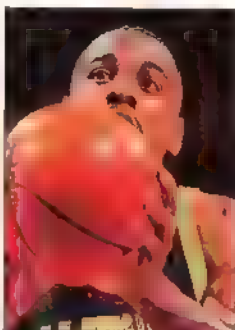
PHOENIX Suns

What they needed: Depth at off guard and on the front line.

Who was drafted: Off guard Wesley Person (23rd), power forward Antonio Lang (29th), center Charles Claxton (50th), point guard Anthony Goldwire (52nd).

How they'll fit: It's crucial for this team to have a deep

Wright: He could be another Moses Malone—or another Mel Turpin.



Murray: The Clippers roll the dice again.



threat to complement the penetration of Kevin Johnson and the inside game of Charles Barkley, so the Suns have to be ecstatic that Person fell into their laps that late in the first round. He may have been the premier shooter in the draft—and remember, Danny Ainge and Dan Majerle haven't gotten any younger. Lang gives the Suns insurance for the possible departure of free-agent power forward A.C. Green.

Grade: B.

SACRAMENTO **Kings**

What they needed: Help for a woefully weak front line.

Who was drafted: Power forward Brian Grant (eighth), power forward Michael Smith (35th), power forward Lawrence Funderburke (51st).

How they'll fit: The Kings certainly did their best to fill a major need. Scouts at the pre-draft camps were so impressed by Grant's large wingspan and 255 pounds that he became a lottery pick in a matter of weeks. Smith, a product of the rugged Big East, likes to throw his body around. If Funderburke's troublesome knees aren't a major problem, he may be a steal as a late second-rounder.

Grade: B.

UTAH **Jazz**

What they needed: Depth at small for-



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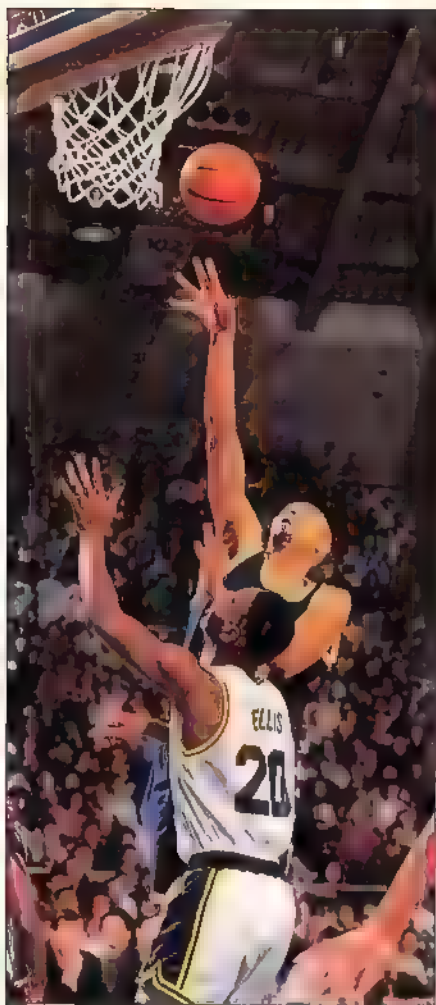
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Howard: A frontcourt force who can play his game without forcing it.

ward and center.

Who was drafted: Small forward Jamie Watson (47th).

How he'll fit: If he sticks, it's a bonus. The Jazz dealt their first-round pick to the 76ers in return for Jeff Hornacek; without him, they wouldn't have advanced to the conference finals. A good move.

Grade: B.

WASHINGTON Bullets

What they needed: A floor leader at point guard, and a rebounder and shot-blocker in the middle.

Who was drafted: Power forward Juwan Howard (fifth), center Jim McIlvaine (32nd).

How they'll fit: Howard appears capable of blending his considerable talents within the framework of a team, something not all young players are capable of. McIlvaine isn't much of a scorer, but with the likes of Rex Chapman, Calbert Cheaney, Tom Gugliotta, and Don MacLean around, his value lies on the defensive end. If McIlvaine, Kevin Duckworth, and Gheorghe Muresan provide anything in the paint, the Bullets are a point guard

from being a legitimate playoff team.

Grade: B.

ON THE RIM...

GOLDEN STATE Warriors

What they needed: Interior size.

Who was drafted: Center Clifford Rozier (16th), power forward Anthony Miller (39th), swingman Dwayne Morton (45th).

How they'll fit: The Warriors took Rozier earlier than they would have liked, but coach-general manager Don Nelson has gambled that he can mold Rozier into a regular contributor. The post-draft acquisition of forward/center Carlos Rogers further addressed their needs up front.

Grade: C-plus.

SAN ANTONIO Spurs

What they needed: A top-of-the-line point guard and a reserve center.

Who was drafted: Power forward Bill Curley (22nd).

How he'll fit: San Antonio traded Curley and a 1997 second-round pick to the Pistons for Sean Elliott, an exchange of a unproven player for an established pro and a needed perimeter shooter. However, point guard remains a pressing concern. Drafting a point guard such as Charlie Ward or Howard Easley may have been a better solution to the roster situation.

Grade: C-plus.

ATLANTA Hawks

What they needed: A reserve point guard and a perimeter shooter at either off guard or small forward.

Who was drafted: Point guard Gaylon Nickerson (34th).

How he'll fit: Nickerson was impressive at the Chicago pre-draft camp and could turn out to be a larger version of Mookie Blaylock. The major question was whether the Hawks would re-sign free agent Danny Manning, for whom they dealt Dominique Wilkins and the 25th pick. If the only thing they end up getting for Wilkins is Manning's services for half the '93-94 season, the grade drops at least one level.

Grade: C.

ORLANDO Magic

What they needed: A bodyguard for Shaquille O'Neal at power forward and someone to back him up at center.

Who was drafted: Off guard Brooks Thompson (27th), power forward/center Rodney Dent (31st).

How they'll fit: Thompson—a three-

New Jersey needs to fill the nets but dared to take Dare.

point shooter who can create space for Shaq in the middle—is my sleeper of the draft. He knows how to play, and he's left-handed, which I believe is an advantage. Dent has had reconstructive knee surgery, but he has the body to be a force. The Magic blew it by trading Anthony Avent last season; they lost the 18th pick and a shot at center Eric Mobley, for instance.

Grade: C.

BRICKS

PORTLAND Trail Blazers

What they needed: A power player.

Who was drafted: Off guard Aaron McKie (17th), center Shawnelle Scott (43rd).

How they'll fit: Clyde Drexler, Harvey Grant, Tracy Murray, Terry Porter, James Robinson, Rod Strickland, Aaron McKie—how many perimeter players do the Trail Blazers need? This team had no inside presence last season, and unless a trade is made, McKie isn't the answer.

Grade: D-plus.

CHICAGO Bulls

What they needed: An offensive creator at off guard.

Who was drafted: Power forward





Portland puzzler: McKie isn't the guy to get the Blazers burning again.

Dickey Simpkins (21st), off guard Kris Bruton (49th).

How they'll fit: The Bulls thought they had a trade worked out with Seattle for Shawn Kemp, which would have covered the expected loss of free agent Horace

Grant. The collapse of that deal might explain why they chose to go big in the first round, but the holes at off guard and possibly power forward remained.

Grade: D.

SEATTLE SuperSonics

What they needed: Someone with size who can rebound and score.

Who was drafted: Small forward Carlos Rogers (11th), small forward Dontonio Wingfield (37th), center Zeijko Rebraca (54th).

How they'll fit: The proposed Pippen-for-Kemp trade seemed to distract Seattle's front office, which appeared to be caught off guard when it came time to select. The Sonics made the best of a bad situation by trading Rogers to the Warriors. In return, they acquired a strong but raw talent in Byron Houston and added bench strength in Sarunas Marciulionis, who returns from major knee surgery.

Grade: D.

NEW JERSEY Nets

What they needed: A shooter with range to spread the floor for the two-man offense of Kenny Anderson and Derrick

Coleman (only Dallas shot worse than New Jersey last season).

Who was drafted: Center Yinka Dare (14th).

How he'll fit: It's difficult to understand the selection of Dare, an impressive physical specimen but a project who will require at least two seasons to develop. The Nets passed over Wesley Person and Eric Piatkowski, the kind of shooters the team desperately needs.

Grade: D-minus.

CHARLOTTE Hornets

What they needed: Depth, particularly point guard and center.

Who was drafted: Small forward Darrin Hancock (38th).

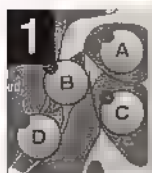
How he'll fit: Hancock is a flyer but likely will have to spend a year overseas. Failure to give themselves lottery protection in the Kendall Gill trade last fall cost the Hornets the 11th pick and a chance to select a widebody.

Grade: F. ■

TNT basketball commentator and I.S. special contributor DOUG COLLINS worked with senior writer PAUL LADEWSKI on this article.

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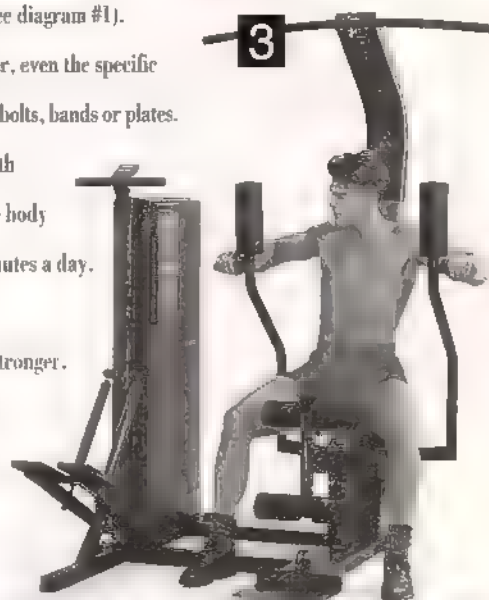
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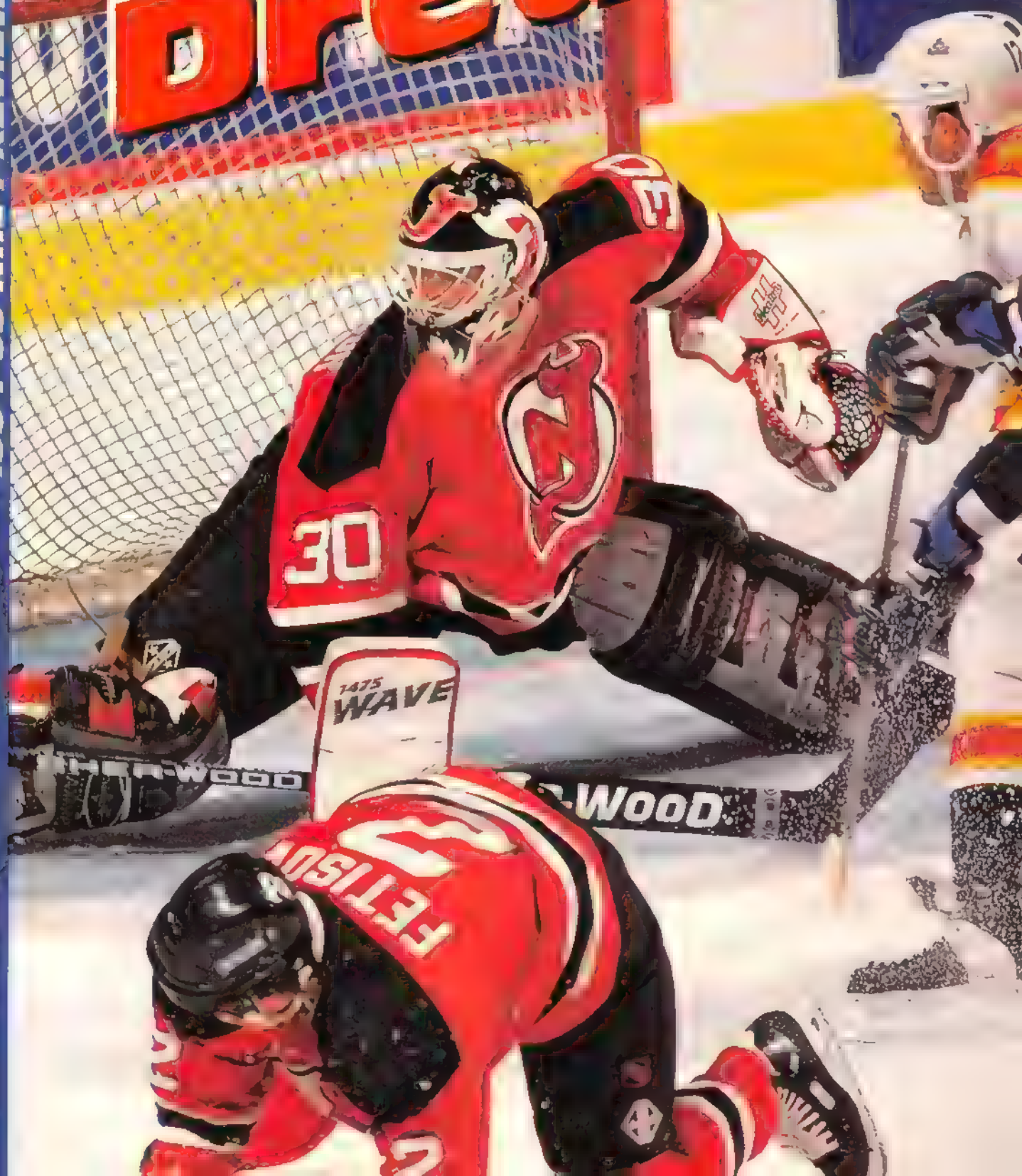
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PRO-FORM

PIPE DREAMS



*Backed by brilliant
young goalie Martin
Brodeur, the New
Jersey Devils believe
the Stanley Cup is
more than just
a fantasy*

By STAN FISCHLER

THE SCIENCE OF WINNING a Stanley Cup is nonexistent, so anyone who claims to have a clue about the potential 1995 champ has been eating too many pucks for breakfast. Three years ago, after the Pittsburgh Penguins captured their second straight mug, everyone figured you had to have a superstar like Mario Lemieux to lock up the silverware. Then along come 18 slugs called the 1992-93 Montreal Canadiens, and suddenly, the formula changed: Get yourself a disciplined checking team and make sure your goalie is named Patrick Roy, and the Cup is in the bag.

But last season's formula really was cockeyed. Mix a coach (Mike Keenan) who feuds with his general manager (Neil Smith), add a coach-killing captain (Mark Messier) and a goalie who blows the big ones (Mike Richter), and then brew with a team curse that has aged 54 years. "Sure the Rangers won it," says Detroit Red Wings vice president Jimmy Devellano, "but it sure doesn't mean they'll do it again."

Why should they? Keenan is gone, and so is the age of dynasties. NHL parity has reached so level a plateau that even a motley crew in San Jose Sharks jerseys were a goal post away from the semis.

Can the Rangers repeat? Figure on another twoscore and fourteen years before they take the Cup again. Who will win it? Try these contenders on for size:

ATLANTIC DIVISION

- 1 NEW JERSEY DEVILS
- 2 NEW YORK RANGERS
- 3 WASHINGTON CAPITALS
- 4 NEW YORK ISLANDERS
- 5 PHILADELPHIA FLYERS
- 6 FLORIDA PANTHERS
- 7 TAMPA BAY LIGHTNING

1 NEW JERSEY DEVILS

A year ago New Jersey entered the season without a second goalie or a premier center but with a truckload of questions about their ability to play as a team. In fact, experts freely predicted that a playoff berth was too much to ask for.

Enter the Jacques Lemaire-Larry Robinson coaching combo, rookie goaltender Martin Brodeur, and throwaway center Bobby Carpenter. The Devs opened like gangbusters and closed with the second-best record in the NHL. Their run to double overtime of Game 7 of the conference finals with the Rangers merely confirmed their excellence. "They learned how to play as a team," says Lemaire. "Now we'll see if they can get better." To do so, the Devs require one game-breaking power forward to complement the club's overall defensive excellence. Bill Guerin could be the man, but a deal might be necessary to provide more pizzazz.

Prediction: *First place overall, first in conference, first in division. Two goals away from the 1994 Finals, the Devils could go the route this year behind the Brodeur-Scott Niedermayer-Guerin-Lemaire union. Center remains the team's soft underbelly.*

Player to watch: *Guerin. He often reminds old pros of a young Adam Graves. His graph shows a steady climb, but now a big jump is expected—the Devils hope he becomes a force. It's not impossible, either.*

2 NEW YORK RANGERS

Exactly a year ago Mike Keenan produced an inspirational video showing his Blueshirts what a monstrous parade would be organized if the Rangers ever won the Stanley Cup. On June 17, 1994, nearly a million New Yorkers lined Broadway to hail their conquering heroes. Now Keenan has bolted through a contract loophole to St. Louis, and the Blueshirts and their new coach are left to go to war with an aging team, one that's much less than a heavy favorite to repeat.

Sure, the Rangers boast captain Mark Messier, the productive Adam Graves, and superstar-in-the-making Alexei Kovalev, plus the dandy Brian Leetch-Sergei Zubov defensive duet and all-American boy Mike

Richter in goal. However, New York clinched the Cup about three minutes before the entire club collapsed of exhaustion. Senior citizens such as Kevin Lowe, Steve Larmer, Jay Wells, and Greg Gilbert aren't likely to improve and very likely to fade, some rather rapidly. Then there's the matter of the new coach in the soup: the endless mud of Rangers politics that always infects the high command. This remains a very capable team, but one less certain of repeating than the 1992 Penguins or 1993 Canadiens.

Prediction: *Second overall, second in conference, second in division. Fatigued from the Cup run, they'll start slow, get hot by Christmas, then fade in the stretch.*

Player to watch: *Kovalev. From spoiled brat to spoiler and game-breaker—that's Kovalev's one-year evolution. If he listens to his coach and plays with the hoped-for dedication, he could become the NHL's best all-round player as soon as next April.*

3 WASHINGTON CAPITALS

Jim Schoenfeld's coaching goes like this: nifty run from midseason into the playoffs, then disaster next year. Well, next year is here, and Doughnut Jimmy has a potpourri of puck-chasers in search of a star. Joey Juneau isn't the man, although he's as good as the Caps have up front. On the blue line, captain Kevin Hatcher still hasn't fulfilled his notices—and never will—but Sylvain Cote, Joe Reekie, and Calle Johansson provide an experienced group to work with. With GM David Poile phasing out goalie Don Beaupre, Rick Tabaracci and Olaf Kolzig must split time in the pipes; neither has shown he can handle the assignment. Grinders Dale Hunter and Dave Poulin are leaders, but they're 33 and 36, respectively, and the wheels are wearing down rapidly.

Prediction: *Ninth overall, fifth in conference, third in division. Washington's script is etched in stone: lousy start, early winter revival, and a playoff run followed by a guaranteed departure by the second round. Juneau will fuel a low-gear offense, but the goalkeeping is uncertain.*

Player to watch: *Reekie. The Reekster is finally in a milieu where he can become the NHL's best defensive defenseman and a catalyst for a Capital improvement in the standings. If all goes according to plan, Joe will make Caps fans forget departed darling Al Iafrate.*

4 NEW YORK ISLANDERS

With the end of the AJ Arbour era, the Isles look to new coach Lorne Henning for regeneration as well as the missing grit and glamour that characterized the Cup-winning Isles clubs. A major goaltending dilemma may be solved by youthful Jamie

HOT QUESTION:

WILL THE REFS
EVER GET
THINGS RIGHT?

IF THERE WAS ONE POCKMARK on an otherwise blemish free 1993-94 NHL season, it was caused by a totally inept officiating corps that nearly screwed up a postseason that was remarkably skillful and exciting from Round 1 through the Finals. Fortunately, the Bettman regime is acutely aware of the problem.

"Making officiating better is tops on my agenda," says commissioner Gary. To do so, Bettman hired league director of hockey operations Brian Burke, who will try everything to refocus the zebras' eyes. During the summer of 1994 Burke launched an "improve the officiating" campaign that includes, among other things, heavy use of video aids.

"Some referees call more penalties than others," says Burke. "Whatever you think of the individuals involved, this discrepancy can't exist in a professional league. It was an unacceptable situation."

Stealing a leaf from the NFL and NBA officiating books, Burke has decided to put the most contentious hits and calls—or non-calls—in a given week on tape, which will be distributed to every referee. "Only the referee or linesmen who work a certain game benefit from the experience of a particular incident," says Burke. "By putting these tapes together and getting them to our guys, we can make sure everyone is seeing particular incidents, and we can make sure the same sort of call is applied to similar incidents."



Burke: "An unacceptable situation."

One officiating plus has been the players' realization that referees are taking a more severe approach to stick fouls. "NHL players are adjusting," Burke says. "As a result, we're going to put a stop to

running guys from behind, clubbing over the head, and gouging eyes. That's circus stuff. The game is a dangerous enough way to make a living as it is without having to worry about getting clubbed over the head."

Now all we need is for the zebras to open their eyes and call them. □

McLennan, who performed capably as a 22-game rookie last season during the often-excruciating Ron Hextall adjustment. GM Don Maloney, under the gun to reinvent his club, hired Henning to put the pieces together. He began recasting the image by drafting lean, mean Brett Lindros and trading soft Tom Kurvers for rugged Troy Loney. With the youthful vigor of Darius Kasparaitis and with Vladimir Malakhov's All-Star potential, the Isles could rise, if McLennan delivers.

Prediction: 10th overall, sixth in conference, fourth in division. The Henning era ushers in a new vibrancy on Long Island, but the new coach still must meld a youthful defense, develop grit, and get help for Pierre Turgeon.

Player to watch: Kasparaitis. In his third year, the Larrupin' Lithuanian must settle down to become a new leader, a part-time intimidator, and the balance wheel of the blue line. If he plays undisciplined, forget it.

5 PHILADELPHIA FLYERS

After too many non-playoff years and ineffectual coaches, owner Ed Snider lured his favorite player, Bob Clarke, back to Broad Street as president, part-owner, and designated savior. Snider, of course, is dreaming, because Clarke can't play goal or defense, two major shortcomings for the Flyers. Not that Philly is bereft of talent: A healthy Eric Lindros is capable of 60 goals, and Mark Recchi, the club's leading scorer last year, is just reaching his prime. New coach Terry Murray has the poise, patience, and personality to coax the Flyers back into contention.

Prediction: 15th overall, ninth in conference, fifth in division. Stability goes out the window as the Russ Farwell-Terry Simpson regime gives way to Clarke-Murray. As Lindros and the goalies go, so go the Flyers. With typical Philly luck, the Flyers got Craig MacTavish one year too late.

Player to watch: Mikael Renberg. The big winger with good hands was a surprise rookie contributor (38-44-82). Now which way does he go? Flanking Lindros and Rod Brind'Amour, he's positioned for big things.

6 FLORIDA PANTHERS

So what if John Vanbiesbrouck doesn't repeat his career year in goal, or if Keith Brown doesn't play like an All-Star? The solid second-liners amassed by departed



If Lindros can change his luck and play a full slate, the Flyers may recapture some glory.

GM Bob Clarke—Dave Lowry, Tom Fitzgerald, Brian Skrudland, Jody Hull—helped the Panthers bite healthy chunks out of better teams, and the attack will continue now that gunner Bob Kudelski is in place and coach Roger Neilson has returned to deliver his migraine-inducing center-ice trap. Joe Cirella, remarkably mean at age 31, anchors a socko defense along with Brown, Brent Severyn, and power-play quarterback Gord Murphy.

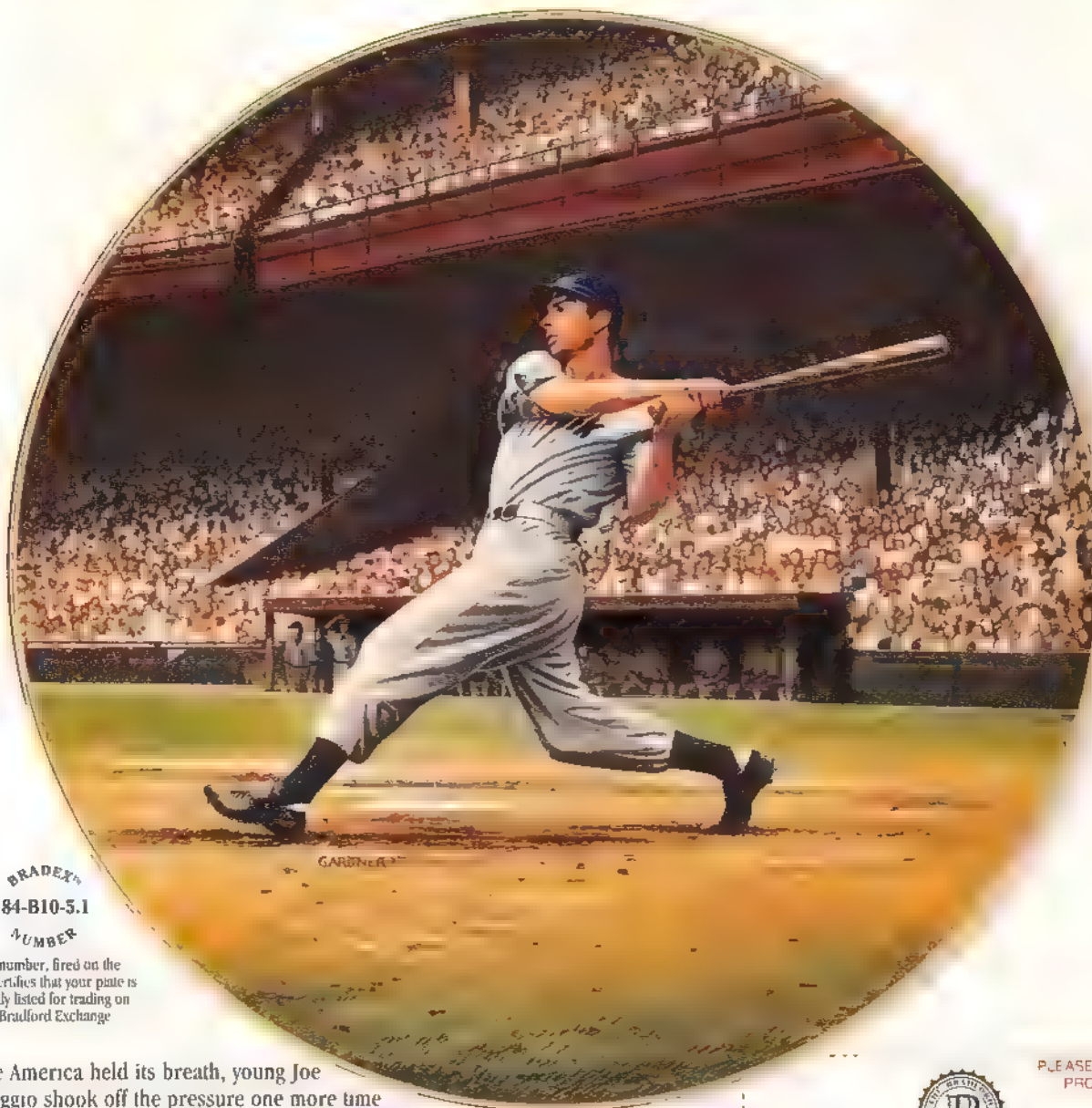
Prediction: 17th overall, 10th in conference, sixth in division. The second time around everyone will have an antidote for Neilson's trap, so the goalkeeping will have to stay as sharp (it won't), and the plumbers must plug the leaks (they will). The lack of a star will hurt.

Player to watch: Rob Niedermayer. After a Calder Trophy first half, an injury derailed his progress. Upon returning, the rookie looked like a displaced amateur. As a sophomore, he'll mature into a challenging center.

7 TAMPA BAY LIGHTNING

For a third-year expansion franchise the Lightning have been better than putrid, but that's not sufficient when the brand-new Panthers outpoint them the first time around. Still, young talents such as defenseman Roman Hamrlik and forward Chris Gratton offer enough promise to inspire an average crowd of 20,000 at the Thunderdome, the NHL's dumbest excuse for a hockey rink. With the likes of Enrico Ciccone and Chris Joseph on D, an A-1 Daren Puppa is a goaltending imperative.

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HOT QUESTION:

IS IT ALREADY
TIME FOR
ANOTHER
EXPANSION?

THEY LAUGHED WHEN THE NHL decided to spread its web to Ottawa and Tampa Bay and Anaheim and Miami, and they jeered when the formerly north Stars decided to head south. They said it just wouldn't fly—not a second team in the Los Angeles area, not a third team in California. Not big-league hockey in sports-saturated Florida or iceless Texas.

But, damn it, Dallas is currently Stars-crazy. Anaheim loves its Mighty Ducks, and San Jose can't find enough seats to satisfy Shark-mania. The Lightning are averaging 20,000-plus at the absurdly configured Thunderdome, and even the Senators—arguably the worst team in pro sports history—continually play to capacity crowds. "Expansion," says Pittsburgh Penguins president Howard Baldwin, "has worked."

So much so that NHL headquarters in Manhattan regularly is flooded with applications for new franchises. "We've got plenty of suitors," says NHL commissioner Gary Bettman, "but we're not rushing to expand tomorrow." Still, the pressure is mounting, mostly because hockey interest is at an all-time high and NHL moguls agree that still more Sun Belt cities would help assure the coveted U.S. television contract with CBS, Fox, or TNT.

"My fellow owners once doubted that hockey could work in the South," says Stars owner Norman Green. "We've proved that hockey can sell anywhere." That's precisely why Bettman Inc. is eyeing Atlanta, Portland, Seattle, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Charlotte, New Orleans, Nashville, Cleveland, and even Las Vegas as potential expansion sites.

NHL insiders estimate the jump from 26 to 28 teams could happen as early as 1995-96, but Bettman remains cautious. "First," he insists, "we must ensure that we have 26 healthy teams. Then we can consider expansion."

Bettman is being politically correct, but the price tag of franchises is soaring. The last list price—\$50 million in 1992—will rise to at least \$75 million the next time around. That's making it more and more difficult for NHL owners to reject new bidders. Conclusion: By 1996 Bettman will be presiding over a 28-team league. □

Prediction: 23rd overall, 13th in conference, seventh in division. Puppa's power goaltending can take a mediocre team only so far. The top scorers—Brian Bradley, Petr Klima, and Denis Savard—are slipping fast.

Player to watch: Hamrlik. No longer just a teenager with promise, Roamin' Roman must straighten out his act, cut the dumb penalties, and become a dependable all-ice defenseman. The back-line leadership role awaits him.

NORTHEAST DIVISION

1 PITTSBURGH PENGUINS

2 BUFFALO SABRES

3 BOSTON BRUINS

4 MONTREAL CANADIENS

5 QUEBEC NOROIS

6 HARTFORD WHALERS

7 OTTAWA SENATORS

1 PITTSBURGH PENGUINS

The glittering Mario years are over, and Kevin Stevens, Rick Tocchet, and Ron Francis appear rusty as GM Craig Patrick tries to resurrect the dynasty that never was. Age, overpayment, and ill health combined to break the Penguins, and retread coach Ed Johnston isn't the glue to fix things. Lack of a power-play quarterback and the presence of the slow-footed Samuelssons, Kjell and Ulf, on defense have dropped the Pens a peg. Only a full-time Mario can make them Cup-worthy again, and that's not likely.

Prediction: Fourth overall, third in conference, first in division. The former champs

are averting Chumpville because of the quality nucleus—Francis, Stevens, Jaromir Jagr, Joe Mullen, and Larry Murphy—but the slide is irreversible, Mario or no Mario.

Player to watch: Lemieux. If he's healthy, another Cup is possible. If he plays half a season but is ready for the spring run, a Cup is still possible. If neither happens, forget it.

2 BUFFALO SABRES

John (Rumplestiltskin) Muckler wove straw into gold, especially after Pat LaFontaine's early exit with a bum knee. With goalie Dominik Hasek, Muckler could get away with a defensive system that strangles more than it titillates. Now that LaFontaine is back on track, the canny Muckler will ice an even better club, provided Dale Hawerchuk and Alexander Mogilny continue to make merry.

Prediction: Seventh overall, fourth in conference, second in division. Grade-A coaching, the LaFontaine-Mogilny reunion, and Hasek's goaltending guarantee goodies. However, there's not enough beyond the first line to ensure what Buffalo never gets: a Cup.

Player to watch: Richard Smehlik. He quietly has become a factor, from a 4-27-31 and plus-9 rookie season to last year's 14 goals, 27 assists, and plus-22. He's a sturdy defenseman who's rapidly learning the North American system.

3 BOSTON BRUINS

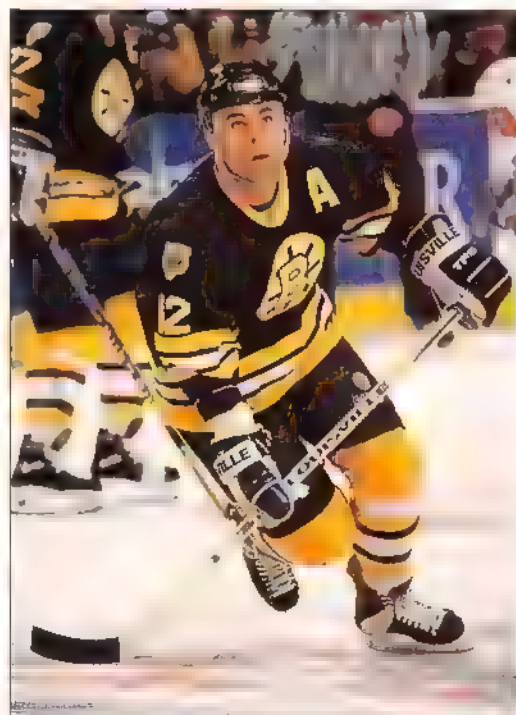
Harry Sinden has done the near-impossible, if not unthinkable: He's made international lambskins out of the formerly Big Bad Bruins. Between newly-acquired Mikko (the Meekiest) Makela, Marius (I Dare You to Spell It) Czerkawski, and

Alexei Kasatonov, the B's have three of the best skaters this side of the Ice Capades. But Ray Bourque can't hold off Father Time forever, and with Cam Neely a constant uncertainty, Boston is left with one ace: Adam Oates. Beantown hopes Al Iafrate and his retooled knee can make a difference, but the Mystical One won't operate at peak efficiency until big Boston Garden II, alias Shawmut Center, opens next year.

Prediction: 11th overall, seventh in conference, third in division. The Bourque-Iafrate-Oates combo will atone for the goaltending deficiencies, but Boston will do what it does best: stumble into the playoffs and reach the second round before a noble exit.

Player to watch: Czerkawski.

After Oates, Boston has many questions but few answers.



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He instantly produced in only four regular-season games, and his three goals and three assists in the playoffs are merely the tip of the iceberg. He'll be Oates' ideal wing.

4 MONTREAL CANADIENS

Jacques Demers remains a peerless coach, but even he can't steer an ordinary team to more than one Stanley Cup before the law of talent catches up to him. It was no coincidence that goalie Patrick Roy—appendicitis notwithstanding—did a playoff fade with crack defenseman Mathieu Schneider out of the lineup. Roy is only as good as the production of forwards Kirk Muller and Vincent Damphousse, and the discipline of the team as a whole. Now that Roy has peaked and the Habs offense has stalled, expect a marked decline and unfair finger-pointing at Demers.

Prediction: 14th overall, eighth in conference, fourth in division. Demers can't score goals, which is tough on him and tougher on Roy. Muller will slip, as will the Canadiens' confidence. The playoffs won't come easy.

Player to watch: Paul DiPietro. A regular for the first time last year, this dynamo is only 25 but already a solid checker who plays both ends of the rink. He's the most important figure up the Montreal middle.

5 QUEBEC NORDIQUES

Marcel Aubut is threatening to set a world record for consecutive years botching up a nifty lineup, and this year should

keep his string intact, despite the acquisition of Wendel Clark. When Aubut dropped Pierre Page as GM for ex-agent Pierre Lacroix, *les Nords* hardly improved. Lacroix's first order of business is to Frenchify the team for marketing—not playoff—purposes, which explains why he obtained Sylvain Lefebvre, whose best years are behind him. But Quebec still needs a defense, remains uncertain in goal, and has no idea how Swedish flash Peter Forsberg will adjust to the NHL pace, especially with Mats Sundin gone. Inexperienced Marc Crawford replaces Page as coach; he'll encounter the same malaise that afflicted Page: Too many guys figure Quebec is a nice place to visit but a lousy place to stay and play.

Prediction: 20th overall, 11th in conference, fifth in division. As long as Aubut runs the club, a dozen GM changes won't make a difference. Lacroix never has been a manager before. He's in the right place.

Player to watch: Forsberg. He's arguably the most gifted European ever to set skate in North America, and the Swede's performance will decide whether Quebec gets back on the NHL map.

6 HARTFORD WHALERS

Nearly extinct in Hartford last April, the Whalers were taken off the endangered species list by Compuware mogul Pete Karmanos, who bought the club for \$45 million. Some believe franchise euthanasia

would have been a better idea. The Whalers are a bit rowdy off the ice, and reform school warden—er, coach—Paul Holmgren isn't blessed with a surfeit of talent, although Geoff Sanderson and Pat Verbeek have a nose for the net, and Sean Burke, when fit, isn't a bad goalie.

Sadly, a series of deals that brought Bryan Marchment, Darren Turcotte, and Jocelyn Lemieux to town have left the Whalers as beached as before. That means two more years will be required before Hartford gets in the swim again.

Prediction: 22nd overall, 12th in conference, sixth in division. The Whale's best

A hapless Habs offense is doing its part to undo Roy.





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Yashin won't be nearly enough to save the Senators campaign.

advertisement is the new high command; after that, the quality drops precipitously. Glory boy Chris Pronger is the new hope—or is it hopeless?

Player to watch: *Pronger. The enfant terrible of 1993-94 had better get his act together if the Whalers are to spout more wins than last year. He's got the size, but his head may not yet have reached the NHL level.*

7 OTTAWA SENATORS

Put this franchise in the East Coast League, and it might reach .500 and develop some confidence. Barring that, misery will be the *modus operandi*—unless rookie Radek (Bash) Bonk suddenly becomes the second coming of Mario-Wayne-Eric. If Alex Daigle doesn't watch out, he could be a monumental bust, and the leaderless defense is guaranteed to age both goalies by 10 years before Christmas. Alexei Yashin, a pearl in the slag heap, can't carry these stiff all year. Incredibly, the Senators are fully capable of finishing worse in their third NHL season than in their first.

Prediction: *26th overall, 14th in conference, seventh in division. Sacre bleu! Can a lousy expansion club get any worse? Sure. The defense won't get better even with Jim Paek, and scoring is a zilch.*

Player to watch: *Daigle. All of last season's alibis are being swept under the carpet. The slate is clean, and now the millionaire non-producer must put up good numbers, or he'll go down as the worst top pick since the invention of artificial ice.*



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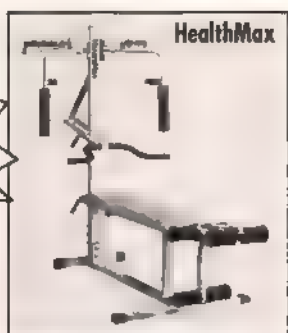
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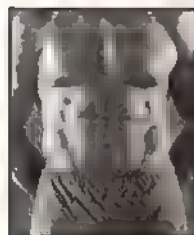
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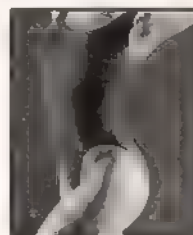


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HOT QUESTION:

HAS FIGHTING
BECOME
PASSÉ?

BEFORE THE 1993-94 season, Stu Grimson, Mick Vukota, Randy McKay, Craig Berube, and Tie Domi were worrying about their jobs, and for good reason. A segment of public opinion clamored for a fight ban, and interim NHL president Gil Stein heard the voices and clamped down on fisticuffs as never before.

However, Stein was in and out of office faster than you can say "game misconduct," and when Gary Bettman took office he hired Brian Burke, who's more open-minded toward pugilism, as league warden. Clang! All of a sudden the NHL made an ideological U-turn, and fisticuffs became *de rigueur* once more. Some of the best one-on-ones in history—Marty McSorley vs. Bob Probert, Domi vs. Steve Smith—took place last season, and the fans loved every last uppercut.

"I understand some people criticize fighting, but my view is that it gets the fans involved," says Chicago Blackhawks enforcer Darin Kimble. "They pay a pretty good price for a ticket, and if a fight is going to get them standing up and cheering, then it's good for them."

But if ever a league was schizophrenic about anything, it's the NHL and the fighting issue. When the 1994 Stanley Cup playoffs began, word went out that fighting would be frowned on, if not abolished. The result was a virtually fight-free postseason that had critics raving and the



January's raised fist will give way to olive branches at playoff time.

Bettmanites wondering whether to keep the gloves off for good.

"Fighting sells in the regular season," says one NHL executive. "And that's reason enough to keep it." Chances are that Burke will go with what sells: fighting from October through April, followed by a relatively punch-free playoffs. □

CENTRAL DIVISION

1 DETROIT RED WINGS

2 TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

3 CHICAGO BLACKHAWKS

4 DALLAS STARS

5 ST. LOUIS BLUES

6 WINNIPEG JETS

1 DETROIT RED WINGS

This club has all the promise of a 1995 Maserati—and all the disappointment of a 1958 Edsel. Multimillionaire owner Mike Ilitch has the right recipe for pizzas, but when it comes to pucks he just can't get it right. Ilitch's biggest blunder was bumping Jimmy Devellano upstairs and replacing him with Bryan Murray. The latter's last chance for the Stanley Cup came last March, when he had an opportunity to fill the gaping goalie void and opted for Bob Essensa instead of Grant Fuhr. The Wings' playoff loss to San Jose ranks high on the all-time NHL Embarrassment List—and this with a lineup fortified with NHL MVP Sergei Fedorov, Steve Yzerman, Paul Coffey, and the very expensive coach-GM, Scotty Bowman.

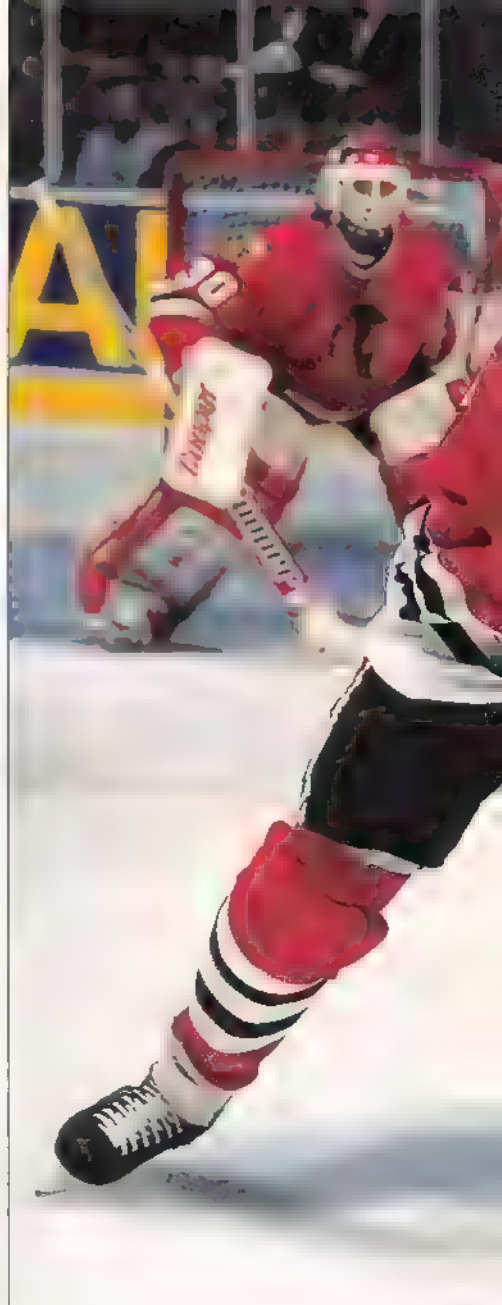
Murray's abrupt firing last spring, followed by the yet another "new regime"—Devellano, Bowman, and scouting director Ken Holland—might realize Ilitch's Cup dream, but don't count on it. For all Fedorov's talent, he isn't enough. Dino Ciccarelli, a dynamo for years, is bound to fade, along with Coffey. However, the goal-tending ailment could be cured by Mike Vernon, who still has one hearty season left in his little body. Ray Sheppard remains a dependable goal-scorer, while Vladimir Konstantinov and Nicklas Lidstrom round out a reasonable defense. The names, as always, are good, but the results have made Ilitch ill, especially with the rehabbing Yzerman missing the start of the new season.

Prediction: Third overall, first in conference, first in division. Vernon will help where it counts most; now it's up to Bowman to prove he still can coach.

Player to watch: Martin Lapointe. Don't be lulled by his trifling 16 points in 50 regular-season games last season. Lapointe figures to be a regular on a line with Keith Primeau; that and a sterling work ethic will catapult Martin to a major points gain.

2 TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

A couple of days before summer arrived, team president Cliff Fletcher presented a bountiful bag of fresh bucks to coach Pat Burns, the assumption being that Toronto's renaissance is due in large part to the mus-

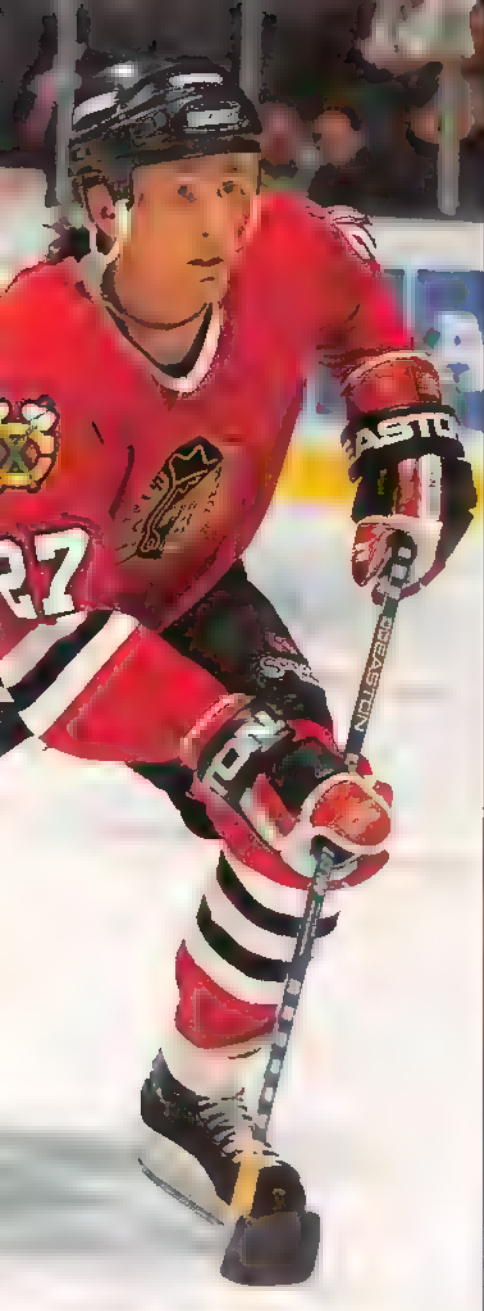


tachioed cop-turned-coach. Fletcher was right, but there's also the matter of Doug Gilmour, the league's best three-way player (scoring, checking, and inspiration); Felix Potvin, the second-best French-Canadian goalie, behind Martin Brodeur; and Dave Andreychuk, whose bloodhound approach to the net is equaled by few.

Fletcher was nothing short of brilliant in acquiring Mats Sundin, Mike Ridley, and Garth Butcher from Quebec. But the hidden key was Nordiques 1992 first-rounder Todd Warriner. Fletcher unloaded Clark at precisely the moment of his decline as a productive forward. The loss of Sylvain Lefebvre will be neutralized by either Kenny Jonsson, Drake Berehowsky, or Matt Martin. The prize, though, is Sundin.

Prediction: Sixth overall, third in conference, second in division. With some deft off-season moves the Leafs have positioned themselves for a healthy spring run.

Player to watch: Yanic Perreault. He's



Even with a move across the street, Roenick's Hawks are going nowhere.

been a prolific scorer everywhere but in the bigs. Though weak defensively, Perreault will contribute enough points to offset that deficiency.

CHICAGO BLACKHAWKS

Pity rich Jeremy Roenick and even richer Chris Chelios. Together they've been expected to drive the catatonic Chicagoans to the Stanley Cup, a mug the Hawks haven't sipped from in 33 years.

It won't happen this year at the sparkling new United Center. GM Bob Pulford has produced a tease a year for an infinity, and this season will be no different, thanks to Tony Amonte, Ed Belfour, and Brent Sutter. As always, it comes down to "The Jeremy and Chris Show." Goals notwithstanding, Roenick is point-for-point the NHL's best all-round forward. Chelios—mean, keen,

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Arkansas Razorbacks
Auburn Tigers
Florida Gators
FSU Seminoles
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Modano is a super Star, but he can't shoot Dallas to the top.

and lean—is the ultimate competitor but perennially limited by his sidekicks. However, captain Dirk Graham's motor has endured too much mileage; the return of Steve Smith will alleviate some of Chelios' workload, but that won't be enough.

Prediction: 12th overall, fifth in conference, third in division. The Blackhawks will add a few points with new arena excitement, but after that it's basically status quo ante—which means Windy City-ites will get antsy.

Player to watch: Amonte. After a 30- and a 40-goal season alongside Mark Messier in New York, Amonte became a displaced person and a non-factor. Now he'll move alongside Roenick and should be a 30-goal man again, at least—or else.

4 DALLAS STARS

Bob Gainey may never smile, but the rest of Texas is grinning over its newest big-league team. Sexy young superstar Mike Modano will be good for a minimum of 50 goals—and a little leadership for a change. The return of captain Mark Tinordi will fortify a decent defense that fronts a strong goaltending duet. In the pipes, backup retread Darcy Wakaluk keeps upstaging top banana Andy Moog, who reasonably can be expected to have

a year of rubber-vacuuming left. To stay aloft, the Stars require ample scoring from reserves Dave Gagner, Russ Courtnall, and Trent Klatt. Memo to Gainey: Watch out for an enthusiasm drop following the first ga-ga season at Reunion Arena.

Prediction: 13th overall, sixth in conference, fourth in division. Only a fool would underestimate a Gainey-led team with a gunner such as Modano, but the second round is its final destination, again.

Player to watch: Richard Matvichuk. Only 21, he's already a Gainey favorite, which is high praise indeed. The 1991 first-round pick was a solid playoff performer who will become an excellent two-way artist.

5 ST. LOUIS BLUES

In 1983 Harry Ornest saved the Blues from deportation to Saskatoon. He carefully built a team that eventually went all the way to Game 7 of the 1986 semifinals—coming within a single goal of the Finals—after which he sold the club to a group led by Michael Shanahan. Since then the Blues have marched on a spend-crazy treadmill to oblivion; although they've continually shelled out more bucks than most rivals, the post-Ornest Blues haven't even come close to the semis—and this despite Brett Hull, Brendan Shanahan, Craig Janney, and one of the league's best puck-stoppers, Curtis Joseph. Where others thrive with their Russians, the Blues imports—Igor Korolev, Vitali Prokhorov, and Vitali Karamnov—were duds, and when Scott Stevens was lost to New Jersey in the Shanahan compensation, St. Louis was left with a defense that could generously be compared to cellophane.

Assorted quick fixes have failed, and now the break-the-bank Blues have gone to Miracle Mike Keenan for a push beyond the first round. Count on Keenan to introduce Hull to the work ethic, turn the country club into a dungeon, and produce instant results. As GM, he'll eschew the softies, import the bricks, and in the end, galvanize St. Louis for one year. Next stop: L.A.

Predictions: 19th overall, eighth in conference, fifth in division. Joseph soon may collapse from a rubber overdose, and the arrival of millionaire Al MacInnis will make little difference. Brendan Shanahan will be left to lead the team. It's not enough.

Player to watch: Denny Felsner. After spot appearances for three years, Denny is ready for the big push. He'll show good speed and strength working the right side with a playmaking center.

6 WINNIPEG JETS

What do you make of a hockey club that puts Tie Domi instead of Teemu Selanne on its yearbook cover? Selanne bummed out with an injury, and Domi had all of 19 points. Not surprisingly, Lose-ipeg finished last in the Central Division, doing nothing right except for the swipe of Tim Cheveldae for Bob Essensa. By that time, the Jets had all the thrust of a burp and the direction of an inebriated scarecrow.

John Paddock now carries the dual leadership role into 1994-95. In his prayers, Paddock yearns for a 1993-vintage Selanne and an acceleration of the already rapid development of youthful Keith Tkachuk. Billed as a left-sided Cam Neely, Tkachuk was anointed captain almost before he got his driver's license but is emerging as a solid leader of his elders. Alexei Zhamnov is a temperamental star in the making, but don't hold your breath. When Zhamnov is on, Tkachuk digging, and Selanne healthy, Winnipeg has an offense worth noting. Ex-Blue Nelson Emerson provided right-wing oomph, while Darrin Shannon on the left continues to be the Jets' most overlooked asset. On the blue line, promise is nonexistent. Teppo Numminen cannot carry the load alone, Stéphane Quintal still hasn't evolved as hoped, and anything slower than Dean Kennedy is going in reverse.

Prediction: 21st overall, 10th in conference, sixth in division. You can't fly a jet without jet fuel.

Player to watch: Dave Manson. Once virtually destroyed confidence-wise and otherwise, the guy who was Mr. Macho in Edmonton is rebound-ready in Winnipeg. Dave will quarterback the power play with Numminen (good for some points) and will provide leadership in a career year.

PACIFIC DIVISION

1 VANCOUVER CANUCKS

2 CALGARY FLAMES

3 EDMONTON OILERS

4 SAN JOSE SHARKS

5 LOS ANGELES KINGS

6 ANAHEIM MIGHTY DUCKS

1 VANCOUVER CANUCKS

It doesn't get much better than two goals away from the Stanley Cup, which is why Pat Quinn's cigar is tilting triumphantly upward these days. The magical Pavel Bure-Kirk McLean-Trevor Linden axis guarantees a modicum of success. Now if Quinn can somehow persuade Cliff Ronning, Jyrki Lumme, Jeff Brown, and Gerald Diduck to perform as well over the 84-game schedule as they did last spring,



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HOT QUESTION:

WHO'S THE NEXT MARIO?

WHEN MAURICE (THE Rocket) Richard, hockey's Babe Ruth, began to surrender to the imperatives of advancing age, fans wondered whether any gifted and charismatic character ever could succeed him. Enter Gordie Howe, then Bobby Hull, then Bobby Orr, Mike Bossy, Wayne Gretzky, and Mario Lemieux. However, with the future of *le Grande Mario* in doubt, the question again arises: Who will be hockey's next superstar?

The Penguins would like to think it's Jaromir Jagr, whose talent cup already is overflowing. The Rangers make a case for Alexei Kovalev, whose skills often outpace his brainpower. The Canucks argue that Pavel Bure is the man and have underlined their point with a five-year, \$25 million contract. The Red Wings suggest that Sergei Fedorov's Hart Trophy (MVP), Selke (best defensive forward), and Pearson Award (the outstanding player, as selected by the players) make a solid case for their ace, and it's tough to argue against a Triple Crown winner—except that he flunked out in the playoffs.

So where does that leave Alexei Yashin, Alexander Mogilny, Peter Forsberg, Jeremy Roenick, and other aces-in-waiting? Answer: There are innumerable pre-



Bure rocketed into the spotlight with a stellar playoff performance.

tenders to Mario's throne, but no one has stepped forward to make a legitimate claim. Based on pure, unadulterated ability, the best bets are Jagr, Fedorov, and Kovalev. □



With McLean in net, the Canucks are poised to dominate the Pacific.

Vancouver could dominate the Pacific Division. The bonus is the care package Quinn received from St. Louis, which included Bret Hedican and Nathan LaFayette. Hedican is speedy, big, and still maturing; once he develops more hockey sense, he'll be a star. And LaFayette is a smart two-way right wing who looms as the steal of the exchange. Quinn now has the pieces in place for another legitimate run at the Cup. Best of all, the last missing portion—emotional involvement—was discovered in the spring.

Prediction: Fifth overall, second in conference, first in division. Quinn has been building toward a Cup and has many pieces in place. The absence of a big gun on defense is the main shortcoming.

Player to watch: LaFayette. An afterthought throw-in when Brown was brought to British Columbia, LaFayette swiftly became a factor in Vancouver's playoff run, skating nobly all the way to the Finals. Think of him as a booster to assist Bure, the Russian Rocket.

2 CALGARY FLAMES

Coach Dave King has plenty of proving to do following the Flames' desultory department in the playoffs last spring. Blowing a 3-1 playoff lead to Vancouver was inexcusable, but losing in the opening round was unthinkable. Ancient Kelly Kisio provided stability when he was healthy, but the leadership vacuum never was filled adequately. Calgary has more quality per position than more than half of its foes; the problem, of course, is that Calgarians are demanding and have begun

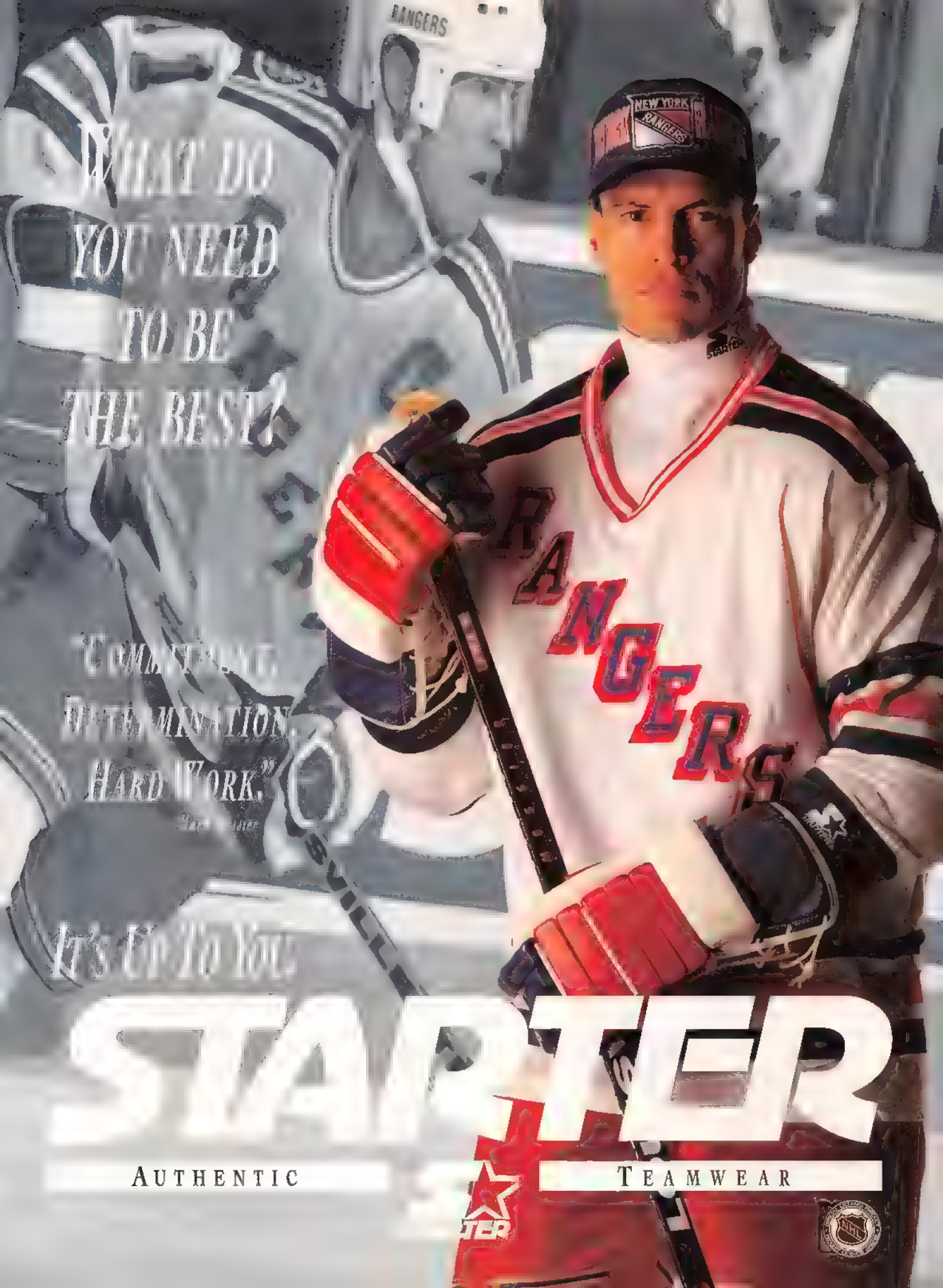
staying away from the Saddledome in alarming numbers. So GM Doug Risebrough has parted with defenseman Al MacInnis and goaltender Mike Vernon, added Phil Housley and Steve Chiasson to the nucleus of Joe Nieuwendyk, Joel Otto, and Theo Fleury, and given young Trevor Kidd the primary netminding job. Assets such as German Titov must improve, as well as the work ethic that never has come close to the level of the ever-demanding coach. If the Flames don't fulfill expectations in 1994-95, King will be job-hunting next spring.

Prediction: Eighth overall, fourth in conference, second in division. Too much talent to stay down, but too little élan to stay on top.

Player to watch: Kidd. He'll carry the burden as Felix Potvin did for Toronto two years ago and Martin Brodeur did for New Jersey last season. This lad, er, Kidd, has the goods.

3 EDMONTON OILERS

Amnesty International should launch an immediate probe of Alberta's other hockey team. If it did, the human rights group would call for sanctions against owner Peter Pocklington for years of abusing goalie Bill Ranford as well as departed coach Ted Green. Pocklington, who sold his soul and his players—Mark Messier, Kevin Lowe, Esa Tikkanen, Craig MacTavish, et al.—to the Rangers, has left Edmonton with an emaciated roster that has but two virtues: youth—embodied in Jason Arnott, who almost won the Calder Trophy—and Glen Sather's inventive leadership. Hulking Slovak Zdeno Ciger may



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be ready for big numbers this semester, and Rangers castoff Doug Weight could surprise if he's matured enough. The defense isn't exactly as deep as the Siegfried Line or as reliable as Ray Bourque, but the roster has plenty of energy. If Arnott continues his rapid development and if Sather swings another deal or two, don't be surprised if Edmonton turns into the San Jose of 1994-95.

Prediction: 16th overall, ninth in conference, third in division. There's something to be said for Edmonton's frugality: The Oilers squeeze more energy out of fewer bucks than anybody. They'll make a big move upward.

Player to watch: Arnott. In one fell swoop—from 1993 draft to front-line status to stardom—Arnott had analysts scurrying to X-ray the kid's fabulous form. All signs indicate that his 33 goals and 35 assists are the real thing. On top of that, he was plus-1 in a virtually all-minus menagerie. He's two years from All-Star status.

4 SAN JOSE SHARKS

Coach Kevin Constantine is one who must beware of a sophomore slump. Duplicating last year's arresting recovery from a horrendous start, let alone making a glorious run to the playoffs, will be improbable at best. An attack of big-headedness could diminish the effectiveness of goalie Arturs Irbe, not to mention defenseman Sandis Ozolinsh—or Constantine himself.

The Sharks, who could have died on defense, will be bolstered once more by Islanders expatriate Jeff Norton, the poor man's Brian Leetch. Jayson More is developing at a slow but positive pace, and 1992 draft pick Mike Rathje might be ready for big things. There's no question

that the bottom line remains the top line of Igor Larionov, Sergei Makarov, and Johan Garpenlov, which galvanized the playoff rush and the startling upset of the Red Wings. Pat Falloon, the Sharks' 1991 inaugural draft pick, should kick his game up one more notch, just short of B-plus.

Prediction: 18th overall, seventh in conference, fourth in division. The 1994 playoff berth was no fluke. With Constantine's urging and Irbe's goaltending, they'll do it again.

Player to watch: Jeff Norton. Hard as it may be to believe, the once-maligned U.S. Olympian is on the threshold of stardom as well as a major leadership role with San Jose. If he improves significantly in his own end, Norton will be an All-Star.

5 LOS ANGELES KINGS

The melodrama being played out at the Great Western Forum could not be scripted better up the road in Hollywood. First, owner Bruce McNall went down the financial drain, then GM Nick Beverley was sacked—while clearly fingering Wayne Gretzky as the executioner—after which Sam McMaster (who?) took over as new general manager. That was Act I. In Act II, new owners Joe Cohen and Jeff Sudikoff saw their firm's earning potential plummet to a point where players and agents did a double-take.

The outlook hardly was more appetizing on the ice. Lord Gretzky's intensity quotient was shrinking as fast as his ability to lift his teammates the way he did in 1993, when the Kings soared to the Stanley Cup Finals. Now L.A. is in total disarray, and McMaster—with Gretzky pulling the strings—must shore up the goaltending, the defense, and the scoring. How bad are the Kings? Their most dependable non-Wayne player last year was Pat Conacher. This year Patty will be 35 years old. Anyone want to buy a hockey team—cheap?

Prediction: 24th overall, 11th in conference, fifth in division. Yes, the Kings can get worse. Ask Humpty Dumpty—or is it Humpty Gretzky in 1995?

Player to watch: Robert Lang. After Gretzky, what? Lang is the answer to the No. 2 center equation. He has 6'2" size and superior work habits. Imagine: On this super-flub team, he actually finished as a plus player.



R. BENNETT / R. BENNETT STATION

After last year's run, Makarov will try to keep the Sharks from turning back into mackerel.

6 ANAHEIM MIGHTY DUCKS

Most Disney productions have a happy ending—if not on the screen, then at the box office. The Mighty Ducks are no exception. In their maiden season, the Ducks actually were competitive enough to flirt with a playoff berth before settling into a more normal expansion mode.

Instant respectability was accomplished three ways: (1) astute coaching by Ron Wilson, (2) extraordinary leadership from ex-Penguin Troy Loney (since departed), and (3) surprisingly effective help from foot soldiers such as Stu Grimson, Sean Hill, and Terry Yake, not to mention Guy Hebert's competent goaltending. Disney's knight-in-waiting, Paul Kariya, looms as the game-breaker who legitimately could be expected to turn the ugly Ducklings into a reasonably respectable playoff contender. A major asset is general manager Jack Ferreira, whose manipulative powers bore fruit in a number of other locales before he moved to Disney-on-ice.

Prediction: 25th overall, 12th in conference, sixth in division. There's no great rush for a playoff berth, so another valiant effort is all that's necessary.

Player to watch: Kariya. The Disney story had no leading man last season, but now game-breaker and glamour-puss Kariya, the Ducks' top pick in 1993, has galloped in like Prince Charming. An effective center will enhance Paul's peripatetic moves. ■

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NOTE: Points (PTS) are based on 1993/94 statistics using the Ultimate Draft scoring system.
Due to publishing deadline, team designations may not reflect current changes.

GROUP 01	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 02	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 03	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 04	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 05	TEAM	GP	PTS
1	P Buro	VAN	78	187	1	M. Modano	DAL	78	143	1	D. Andreychuk	TOR	83	151	1	R. Brind'Amour	PHI	84	132
2	S. Fedorov	DET	82	179	2	A. Mogilny	BUF	86	111	2	V. Damphousse	MTL	84	131	2	T. Fleury	CGY	83	125
3	W. Gretzky	LA	81	168	3	A. Oates	BOS	77	144	3	D. Gilmour	TOR	83	138	3	C. Jenney	STL	69	100
4	B. Hull	STL	81	154	4	M. Recchi	PHI	84	147	4	J. Jagr	PIT	80	131	4	J. Junesu	WSH	74	104
5	P. LaFontaine	BUF	18	23	5	J. Roenick	CHI	84	153	5	G. Roberts	CGY	73	125	5	J. Nieuwendyk	CGY	84	111
6	E. Lindros	PH	85	141	6	T. Sheen	WPG	51	79	6	L. Robitaille	LA	83	130	6	R. Sheppard	DET	82	145
7	C. Naeely	BOS	49	124	7	B. Shanahan	STL	81	154	7	J. Sakic	QUE	84	120	7	M. Sundin	TOR	84	117
8	P. Tuergeon	NY	69	132	8	S. Yzerman	DET	58	106	8	K. Stevens	PIT	83	129	8	A. Zhaminov	WPG	61	97

GROUP 06	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 07	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 08	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 09	TEAM	GP	PTS	GROUP 10	TEAM	GP	PTS
1	B. Bellows	MTL	77	104	1	J. Amott	EDM	78	101	1	S. Corson	EDM	84	79	1	B. Bradley	TB	78	88
2	D. Ciccarelli	DET	86	85	2	N. Emerson	WPG	83	107	2	G. Courtnall	VAN	82	86	2	A. Cassels	HFD	79	74
3	R. Francis	PIT	82	120	3	V. Kozlov	DET	77	107	3	R. Courtnall	DAL	84	103	3	U. Dahlan	BJ	78	84
4	D. Hawerchuk	BUF	81	121	4	T. Linden	VAN	84	93	4	B. Hogue	NYI	83	105	4	A. Daigle	OTT	84	71
5	J. Kurri	LA	81	108	5	K. Primeau	DET	78	104	5	D. Khristich	WSH	83	87	5	A. Kovalev	NYR	78	79
6	J. MacLean	NJ	80	107	6	G. Sanderson	HFD	82	108	6	B. Kudevskii	FLO	88	110	6	D. Plante	BLF	77	77
7	M. Messier	NYR	76	110	7	D. Weight	EDM	84	98	7	K. Muller	MTL	76	80	7	M. Ricci	QUE	83	81
8	P. Verbeek	HFD	84	112	8	A. Yashin	OTT	83	109	8	M. Ridley	TOR	81	98	8	C. Ronning	VAN	78	93

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Guest Opinion

IN THE MIDST OF ONE OF THE MOST FRENZIED PERIODS in recent sports history—QJ. Simpson's arrest, the first World Cup contested in this country, the Wimbledon tennis tournament, the U.S. Open golf tournament, and the ongoing baseball labor unrest—two headlines popped up on the back pages of most American newspapers in late June: **GAY GAMES IV ARRIVES IN NEW YORK**, and **BLACK COACHES ANNOUNCE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT**.

Neither story received, nor deserved, the attention of QJ's angst or any of the less-sickening but nonetheless significant events unfolding in the midsummer heat that was enveloping most of the country. Both were important, though, and in fact, very much connected to each other.

Both stories were about the same thing: minority groups standing up and demanding to be heard. While it may not seem terribly likely that John Thompson has very much in common with Greg Louganis—who ended years of speculation about his sexuality by “coming out” during the Gay Games—but the truth is that blacks and gays share a lot more than you might think. Blacks have been abused in this country since they first arrived here in chains more than 300 years ago; exactly when the oppression of homosexuals began is more difficult to pinpoint, but there is no question it has gone on for as long as any of us has been alive and no doubt will continue after we're all dead.

African-Americans have watched, frustrated and helpless, as a drug epidemic has killed thousands of young blacks in recent years. Gay Americans have watched with at least the same sense of helplessness as AIDS has killed thousands of their number at a relatively young age. What's more, both groups have had to listen to many powerful, white, heterosexual Americans insist that the two plagues are self-inflicted and often merely a matter of amoral people getting exactly what they deserve. For all those reasons, the gathering of thousands of gay men and lesbians in New York last June, and the planned gathering of four black basketball coaches in Memphis in November are clear steps forward.

There's no reason why gay and lesbian athletes shouldn't gather to compete—some seriously, some not so seriously—in an atmosphere where they can feel comfortable, where they don't have to hide their identities or sexual orientation, where they don't have to pretend to be something they're not in order to avoid being ridiculed or ostracized. There's also no reason why four black men who have become powerful forces in college basketball—Thompson of Georgetown, Nolan Richardson of Arkansas, John Chaney of Temple, and George Raveling of Southern California—shouldn't flex their combined muscle for a cause they believe in. In the past 12 months, the Black Coaches Association (BCA) has become an important voice in college athletics, and there's no reason to believe that will change any time soon. A tournament to benefit charity causes the BCA believes in is meaningful and—as Spike Lee might say—the right thing to do. A closer look at both events reveals a lot about the progress our society has made—or failed to make.

No one involved in athletics on any level would dare question the concept of BCA I or the notion that the tournament might become an annual event. One of the reasons for the BCA's newfound power and influence is that no white person wants to be hit over the head with the “racist” bat. That's why all the screaming and yelling by the BCA about the unfairness of the NCAA's Proposition 48, which imposes minimum academic standards on college athletes, has gone virtually unchallenged, even though statistics clearly show that since the

rules were passed 11 years ago, more blacks are playing college basketball—and even more significantly, more are graduating.

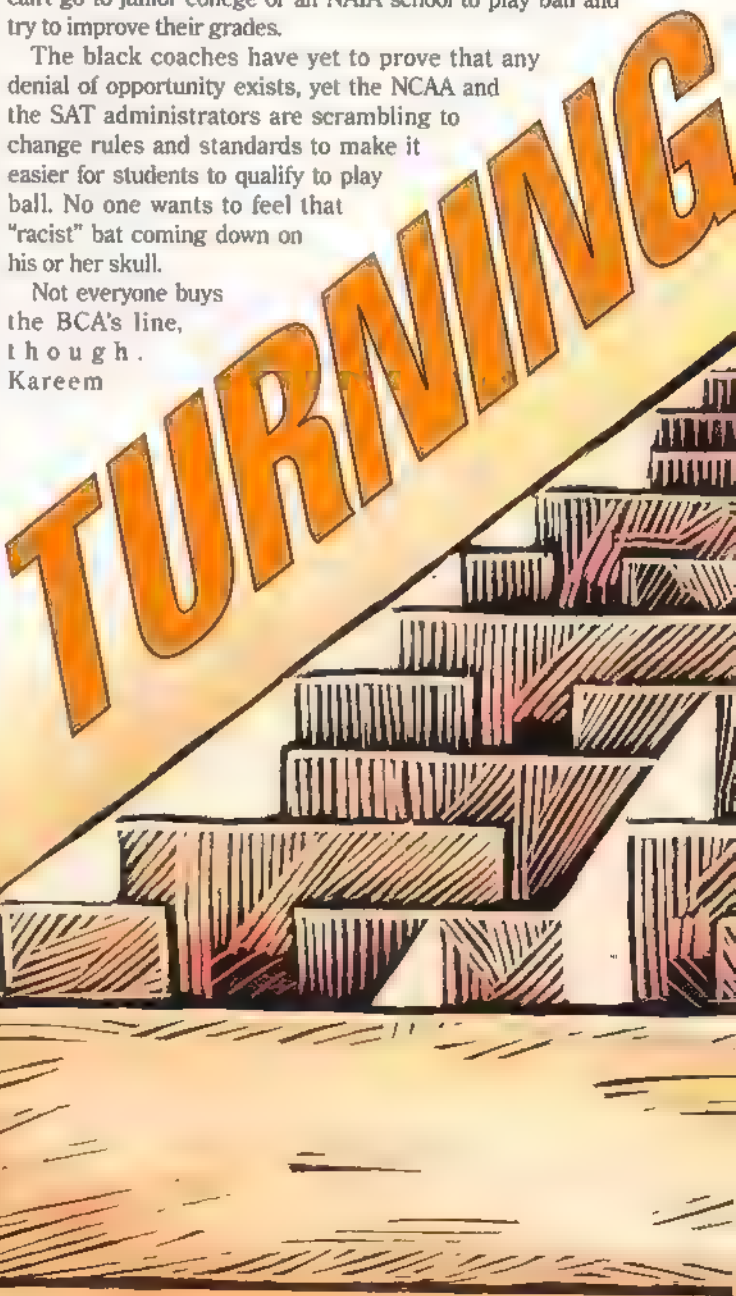
The rules are flawed, certainly, but they were passed in order to deny opportunity not to athletes, but to coaches—black and white. Specifically, the NCAA has tried to deny coaches the opportunity to exploit youngsters who had absolutely no chance to compete academically in college.

Everyone remembers the story of Kevin Ross, who played at Creighton for four years and then turned up several years later in a eighth-grade class in Chicago, trying to learn to read. Fewer remember Michael Graham, the 6'9" forward whom Thompson got into Georgetown in the fall of 1983, even though Graham had only a high school equivalency degree. Graham helped Thompson win a national championship the next spring; that summer, a brief press release announced he had left school.

Unfortunately, Graham and Ross weren't isolated cases—that's why the minimum standards exist. If an athlete hasn't passed core courses in English, science, and math, and cannot muster a 700 on the SAT, he or she cannot compete as a freshman in college or receive an athletic scholarship that year. That doesn't mean they can't receive financial aid if they are from a poor family, it doesn't mean they can't be admitted to school, and it doesn't mean they can't go to junior college or an NAIA school to play ball and try to improve their grades.

The black coaches have yet to prove that any denial of opportunity exists, yet the NCAA and the SAT administrators are scrambling to change rules and standards to make it easier for students to qualify to play ball. No one wants to feel that “racist” bat coming down on his or her skull.

Not everyone buys the BCA's line, though.
Kareem



Abdul-Jabbar, who doesn't have to worry about getting beamed by the "R" bat, made the point earlier this year that all the coaches really want is the ability to recruit everyone and anyone who can play. Several years ago, when Thompson pulled his grandstanding act of walking off the court before the opening tipoff to protest a standard called Proposition 42, it was Arthur Ashe who said blacks should demand that standards be *raised*, not lowered. "How can we expect our young people to compete at the highest levels," he asked, "if we encourage them to be satisfied at a lower level?"

Ashe was right. Jabbar is right. On this point, the BCA is wrong. Yet the rise of the BCA is good for college athletics. Other important and legitimate issues have been raised: the possibility of more blacks in leadership positions in the NCAA and in athletic departments nationwide, the notion that athletes should share in the riches that schools (and coaches) are reaping, the idea that the time for wealthy white men in their 50s and 60s to be passing rules that govern less-than-wealthy black and white men and women in their teens and 20s—without any input from them—has

passed. If and when the BCA puts aside the self-righteous and factually incorrect "denial of opportunity" crusade and focuses on those issues, it has a chance to be an overwhelmingly important and positive force in college athletics.

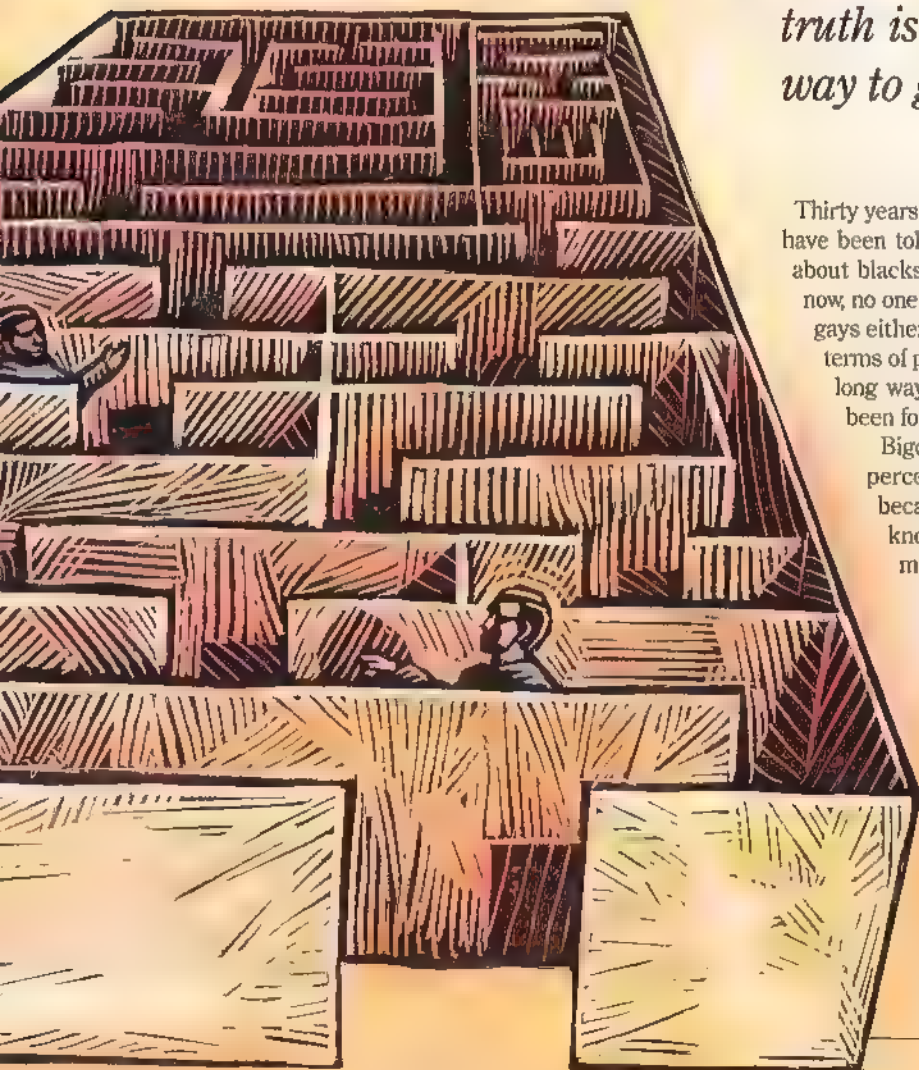
Conversely, the day when a group representing gay and lesbian athletes will be accepted by mainstream America probably is still years away. While people duck and run from the "racist" label, many don't mind it one bit if someone calls them a homophobe. In fact, a lot of them will say "What of it?" in much the same tone that men in hoods once sneered if someone said they were anti-black or anti-Semitic.

If a radio talk-show host were to begin a commentary by saying, "Now let's talk about a *white* man," after reading a story about the BCA, he probably would be fired before nightfall, and rightly so. But when a talk-show host in Washington, D.C., minutes after a discussion of the Gay Games, began a commentary about Arnold Palmer by saying, "Now let's talk about a *real* man," no one complained. When his partner asked him a few minutes later if he had a problem with homosexuals, he replied, "What if I do?"

CORNERS

Some recent events suggest minorities are making progress in sports, but the sad

truth is that there still is a long way to go By JOHN FEINSTEIN



Thirty years ago, perhaps even 20 years ago, that answer would have been tolerated in a lot of places if the question had been about blacks. Wouldn't it be nice to think that 20 years from now, no one will be able to get away with cracks like that about gays either? Certainly progress has been made legally and in terms of public awareness. Just as certainly, though, there's a long way to go. The bigots are still out there; they've just been forced into the closet.

Bigotry will exist because we fear the unknown. If you perceive someone to be different from you—whether because of race, religion, or sexuality—and you don't know anything about them, you won't trust them. In many cases, you will fear them.

Many people who are scared look to others for protection. That's what produces the mob mentality. If we fear something, the best thing to do is gang up on it. Put on hoods and go lynch people. Put on uniforms and go gas millions. Sit in front of a microphone and bash people. In the end, it's all the same thing. Cowards think bravery means beating up those who are not like them. Mobs give strength to the weak.

There's absolutely nothing wrong with not being gay or black—but there's also nothing wrong with being either one. It sounds like a simple concept, but apparently it isn't. Sure, progress has been made. Just as surely, there are many miles, and many years, still to go. ■

IN LATE SEPTEMBER 1964, the Philadelphia Phillies led the National League by 6½ games with 12 to play as they returned for their last homestand of the season. Hopes for a pennant-clinching game at home were running high among the players. That aggregate, made up mostly of no-names and managed by an agile-minded baseball man who worked strategic magic all summer long, had led the league almost from the start of the season. The Phils were a lock to go to their first World Series in 14 years.

However—whether because of a curse, manifest destiny, or just that somebody up there doesn't like Philadelphia, no one can say—the Phillies suddenly were sucked into a vortex of defeat. They lost 10 straight games, and the pennant.

march to the pennant. With the great Frank Robinson at the plate in the 6th inning of a tie game, Ruiz stole home to give the Reds a 1-0 victory. The Phillies' slide had been greased.

Thirty years later Callison mutters, "Ruiz had no business stealing home with Frank Robinson up."

It was Ruiz's crowning moment, one that crystallized him in the memory of a city. Eight years later, when he was killed in a car crash on a San Diego highway, The *Philadelphia Inquirer* ran a four-column headline on the obituary that read: CHICO RUIZ DIES AT 33 IN AUTOMOBILE CRASH: STOLE HOME TO BEAT PHILS IN '64 COLLAPSE.

The Reds went on to sweep the three-game series, reducing the Phils' lead to 3½ games. However, looking back across 30 years, Clay Dalrymple, the catcher on that

though, "the Little General"—a nickname Mauch earned for both his authoritarian manner and his strategic brilliance—remained in the dugout. He was staying with Shantz.

Indeed, Mauch was uncharacteristically docile during the losing streak, which stood at five as Carty faced off against Shantz. To some players the inaction was a sign of indecision. "Quite honestly," says Callison in retrospect, "it seemed as if he didn't know what to do to stop it. In fact, during that whole time he was the nicest to us he had been all season."

Facing the lefty, Carty slammed one of Shantz's cunny-thumb curves into the deepest recesses of center field for a triple, clearing the bases. Final score: Braves 6, Phillies 4. After the game, Carty snickered: "Hee, hee. Lefthanders, I hit them good."

The Boys of Bummmmer



'64 Phillies team, reiterates what he felt back then: "All the guys still had no doubt that we'd bounce back. All we needed was a good-pitched game."

Instead, in the subsequent four-game set against the Milwaukee Braves, the Phillies hurlers were hammered. The turning point in the minds of some players—Callison, Dalrymple, pitcher Art Mahaffey—came on September 26, in the third game of the Milwaukee series.

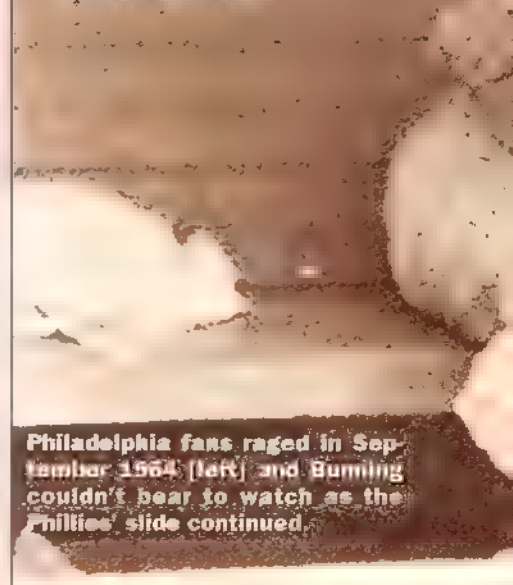
The Phils headed into the 9th inning hugging a 4-3 lead. Bobby Shantz, a pint-size 39-

year-old lefty who had won the American League MVP with the old Philadelphia Athletics in 1952, came on in relief and gave up base hits to Hank Aaron and Eddie Mathews. When an error by second baseman Tony Taylor loaded the sacks with two outs, Rico Carty, a hot-hitting right-handed batter, strode menacingly to the plate to face off against the southpaw Shantz.

Most everyone in the park expected manager Gene Mauch to make a pitching change, to call for a righty. Curiously,

Thirty years ago, the Philadelphia Phillies stumbled to the most famous collapse in baseball history

By B.C. REEDLEY



Philadelphia fans raged in September 1964 (left) and bumming couldn't bear to watch as the Phillies' slide continued.

The plunge into infamy began on September 21, in a game against the Cincinnati Reds. Spirits were soaring in the chilly night air at the old Connie Mack Stadium, and why not? World Series tickets were on order. Led by Johnny Callison, the best right fielder in the cosmos that year, the Phillies were loose.

But tonight Reds utility man Chico Ruiz also was loose—a loose cannon, some would say. In one brief moment, Ruiz defied logic, and in doing so detoured the Phillies'

The Phils lead was pared to a half-game. Recalls Callison, "The panic set in after that game." The next day the Braves walloped Phillies starter Jim Bunning on the way to a 14-8 victory. The Phils were swept again, and they dropped into second place.

Mauch used 18 pitchers in the Milwaukee series, to little avail. By that time the manager was starting his aces, Bunning and Chris Short, with only two days' rest. The strategy backfired: Bunning lost three games and Short two in the 10-game freefall. The critics—the beat reporters—came down hard and harsh on Mauch for what seemed a panic-button strategy.

On September 28 the team began a do-or-die three-game set against the Cardinals at Busch Stadium in St. Louis. They died, swept once again.

As Callison recalls, "We played as if we were waiting to lose."

It was all over but the eulogizing. In the *Philadelphia Daily News*, Larry Merchant wrote of the collapse: "Future generations will be told this incredible horror story September after September, that the Phillies of Philadelphia led the league by 6½ games...and couldn't win another game."

The legend will take its place alongside such classics as the Dodgers of '51 and Frankenstein and the Wolfman."



NATIONAL BASEBALL LIBRARY, COOPERSTOWN, NY

"I can still see him today stealing home. It can never come out of my mind."

—Art Mahaffey

On September 21, 1964, an hour before game time, World Series fervor throbbed all through Connie Mack Stadium. Art Mahaffey, 26 years old and on the cusp of converting his grandest dream—to pitch in the October Classic—into reality, mentally reviewed the Cincinnati Reds lineup. He was worried, and rightfully so, about the big guns: Deron Johnson, Vada Pinson, and Frank Robinson. He hardly wasted a thought on a utility player named Chico Ruiz—yet Ruiz would come to claim a residence in Mahaffey's psyche for the rest of his life.

With one out in the top of the 6th, Ruiz singled. Pinson scorched a liner up the middle that deflected off Mahaffey's glove and trickled into right field; Callison scooped it and unleashed a laser to nail Pinson at second, while Ruiz advanced to third.

Robinson stepped to the plate. Common sense would dictate that Ruiz stay put and let the Reds slugger drive him in, and Mahaffey admits he thought the same thing. The big Phils righthander, a frequent *habitué* of Mauch's doghouse, recalls saying to himself, "It would be stupid, ignorant, for him to steal home with Robinson up."

But to Ruiz, the ultimate free spirit, logic never came easily. On the second pitch to Robinson, as Mahaffey went into his long windup and leg kick, Ruiz broke for the plate. In both dugouts, faces froze in disbelief.

"I saw him out of the corner of my eye as I was releasing the ball," Mahaffey remembers. "My arm tightened." The ball sailed 10 feet outside and rolled to the wall behind home plate, and Ruiz walked in for the game's only run. When Mahaffey reached the dugout at the end of the inning, Mauch cursed him up, down, and all around.

On September 26, Mahaffey once again was at the center of the storm. Mauch only reluctantly handed Mahaffey the ball that day against the Braves, but Mahaffey responded by pitching the Phils to a 4-2 margin after seven innings. However, when Joe Torre and Carty opened the 8th with base hits, the Little



General marched angrily to the mound. His neck veins pulsing in *extremis*, barking at Mahaffey as if spark plugs were wired to his tongue, Mauch grabbed the ball and called in screwballer Jack Baldschun.

Mahaffey loathed the way Mauch handled him then, and his feelings haven't changed today. Sitting behind a desk at his insurance agency offices, he says, "The way I was pitching that day, I couldn't believe he was taking me out." The Braves scored one in the 8th to narrow the lead to 4-3, and then Carty cleared the bags in the 9th with the triple off Shantz to give Milwaukee the victory.

"To this day," Mahaffey says, "I believe in my heart that I would have won that game if he hadn't taken me out. From that game on, a feeling of despair swept the clubhouse. It was like, this can't happen, but it's going to happen."

Mahaffey would not start another game the rest of the season, and he never was the same again. A two-time National League All-Star, he struck out 17 hitters in a game in 1961—an effort the writers of the "The New Phillies Encyclopedia" recognize as one of the 10 greatest moments in Phillies history—and in 1962 won 19 games and tied for the league lead in complete games with 20. In 1965 Philadelphia released him.

Mahaffey was picked up by the Cardinals in '66, then released again that year, whereupon he retired. Today, at age 56, he runs a successful insurance business in the suburbs of Philadelphia. His offices resemble a small baseball museum. Memorabilia—photos, old baseballs, trophies—overrun the place. Mahaffey loved the game, and he still does. He points to a photo of the '64 Phillies team, pauses, and smiles slyly. Finally, he says: "You know, we'll never be forgotten. We're the most famous team in Phillies history."



PHILLIES GENERAL MANAGER COOPERSTOWN, N.J.

"After we lost that four-game series to the Braves, there were some serious tight rears in that clubhouse."

—Clay Dalrymple

Perhaps more than any other player on the '64 Phillies team, Clay Dalrymple possessed the mind of a manager. His opinion of why the team fell into eternal ignominy remains unchanged 30 years later: "The pitchers weren't handled correctly. First of all, Mauch gave up on Ray Culp and Art Mahaffey. He felt they didn't have any guts.

"And second, when you start pitching your two best every two days, it shows the manager is panicking. Hey, if you don't like the pitchers you got, you had better trade their asses and get somebody you do like. He just stayed mad at them."

Dalrymple exculpates Culp. "He was a hell of a pitcher. But one game Mauch came out to the mound and saw him sweating like a mule, and let him have it, accusing him of not being able to take the pressure. Culp was just a natural sweater, that's all. Mauch should have kept him in the rotation."

On the other hand, Dalrymple understands why Mauch angered easily at Mahaffey, particularly after the Ruiz caper. "All Art had to do was throw me the ball, and we had his ass," says the catcher. "But he threw it 10 feet to my right. That drove Mauch crazy and convinced him even more that Art cracked under pressure."

Curiously, Dalrymple firmly believes that had Mauch lashed out at the players during the fatal losing streak with the same crack-the-whip persona he had evinced during the rest of the season, it would have put some spark into the team. Dalrymple finds it hard to believe that Mauch remained quiet during the 10-game death march.

"Once in Houston he wiped out a whole food table after we had lost," Dalrymple says. "Why wasn't he capable of doing something like that during the losing streak? We were waiting for him to explode. To this day I wish he had. The guys would have gone out and had a good laugh over it, saying, 'He's back.'"

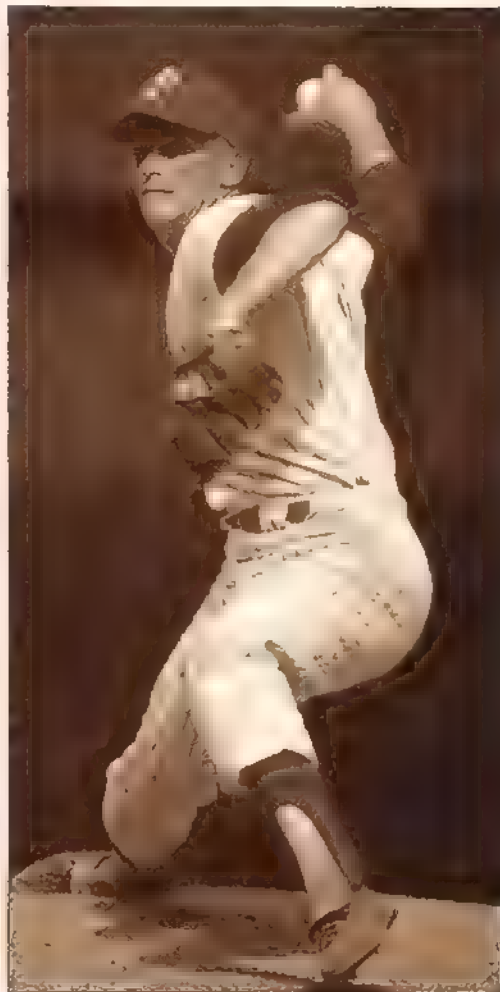
Instead, to incite the players, Mauch suggested a trite ploy to his catcher. After the Phils had lost the four straight to Milwaukee—and seven in a row—Mauch summoned Dalrymple to his office. According to Dalrymple, Mauch asked him to start a fight on the field, "to wake us up." Dalrymple declined, saying it wasn't part of his personality. He still stands by the decision.

Stressed out from the frustration of losing the pennant so disastrously, Dalrymple went home after the 1964 season and spent four days just sleeping on the couch. One day, feeling better, he turned on the TV to watch the World Series. "My little girl was passing by the television," he recalls, "and asked me, 'Daddy, how come you're not in the World Series?' That's when the hurt dug in the most."

After nine summers in the red-and-white pinstripes of the Phillies, Dalrymple was

traded to the Baltimore Orioles in the winter of 1969. "Some of the sting of that '64 season was soothed when I got to go to the World Series with Baltimore in '69," he says. Two years after that he retired.

Now 57 years old and living in his hometown of Chico, Calif., Dalrymple is a salesman for a food broker. The only reminder of that star-crossed '64 season comes when some snooping journalist resurrects the 10-day journey to the graveyard, one of baseball's most memorable burials. The affable catcher doesn't mind at all. "After losing a wife to cancer, I don't classify losing the pennant as a bad memory."



FOCUS ON SPORTS

"It was the only shot I was going to have to go to the World Series, and then, poof, it was gone."

—Jim Bunning

In his office on Capitol Hill, Rep. Jim Bunning (R-Ky.) looks and sounds every bit the man happy in his job. Thirty years removed from the event, the great collapse of 1964 seems but a distant storm fading over the horizon of his memory. "I rarely think of it anymore," says the formerly lean and mean righthander. When pressed, though, he will think of it, particularly of two games during the 10-game slide.

Just a month shy of his 33rd birthday, Bunning took the hill on September 27, 1964, to try to halt the six-game losing streak that had cut the Phils' lead to a half-game. He was pitching on just two days' rest—in fact, it was his fifth start in 15 days. After hurling more than 270 innings, Bunning was physically spent.

The Braves lit up the Phils ace like a pinball machine: three innings, 10 hits, seven runs. The loss dropped Philadelphia into second place. Three days later, in St. Louis, Bunning again pitched with just two days' rest, and again he was shelled: three innings, eight hits, six runs.

Jim Bunning was a proud, fiercely competitive player, arguably the toughest pitcher of his day, and he never complained about pitching with only two days' rest. But 30 years later, he has tempered his perspective. Where once he would have scoffed at the suggestion that working on such short rest was asking too much, now he hedges.

"I don't know if it's humanly possible to pitch effectively on two days' rest more than once," he says, "I was at my best with three or four days' rest."

Bunning offers an idea of how Mauch could have used the staff better. "He could have made a couple games 'staff games,' where everybody pitched a little," Bunning says. "If we lost, we lost. So what? It would have given me and Shortie an extra day's rest, where we might have been more effective. But that's hindsight. Look, losing builds on itself. We played 10 games as badly as you can play. Unfortunately, they came at the end of the season."

Though the media were on Mauch like hives for running Bunning and Short out to the mound with two days' rest, the congressman will not put the onus entirely on his former manager for the collapse. "He was no less to blame than the players," says Bunning. "We stopped hitting, we stopped pitching, we stopped playing good defense."

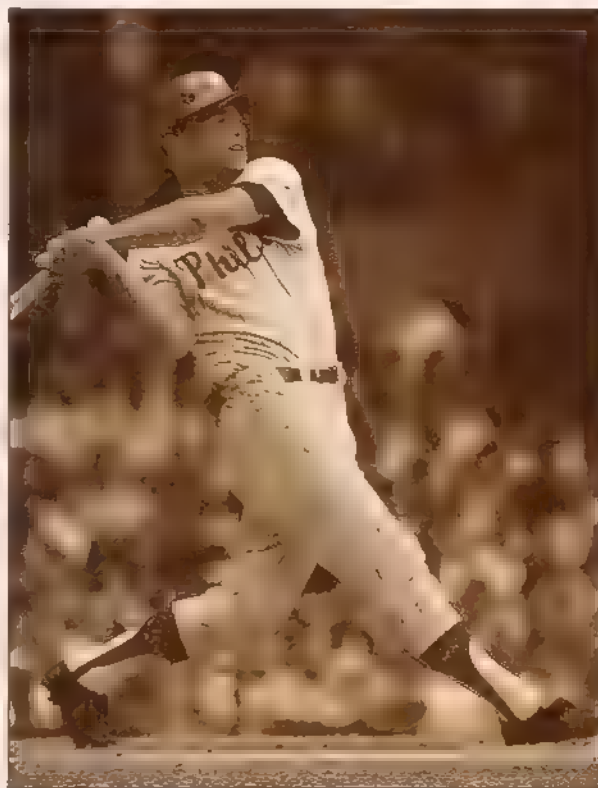
Bunning never got close to the World Series again. To this day he rues never making it to the Fall Classic in his 17-year big-league career. And there's something else he rues: not having been elected to baseball's Hall of Fame. Sarcasm edges into his voice when asked about Cooperstown. "There are some people voting who never saw me play," he says. "There are some strange things going on in this world, and that's certainly right up there."

He has a point. After all, Bunning is one of the few pitchers to have won 100 games in each league. His record (224-184) stacks up favorably against that of Don Drysdale (209-166), the late Dodgers fireballer who

was enshrined in 1984. And when Bunning retired in 1971, he stood behind only the immortal Walter Johnson on the all-time strikeout list, with 2,855. Mauch has called Bunning the best righthander he ever managed—and the Little General once managed Nolan Ryan.

Nonetheless, these days Bunning doesn't busy himself with such matters as lost immortality and lost pennants. He's in a bigger game. "I've got too many more important things to worry about," he says, "like welfare reform, a bad crime bill, and—" The phone rings in his office. He answers it, putting the caller on hold. "—health care reform. I gotta go."

Bunning always prided himself on finishing what he started.



"It made us more popular—I think."—Johnny Callison, on the Phillies' collapse

Photos of the 1964 season cover the walls in Johnny Callison's den. Callison making spectacular catches. Callison uncorking bulletlike throws. Callison hitting heroic home runs. One photo practically jumps off the wall, so raw is its energy: With an unusual intensity, the slender right fielder is watching a ball he had just hit leave the park. It was the shot heard 'round the baseball world that year.

From a comfortable chair, Callison looks long and wistfully at the photo. Then he simply says, "Yeah, I'll never forget that day."

The day was July 7, 1964, and the eyes of

the baseball world were focused on Shea Stadium in New York for the All-Star Game. Callison was happy, close to cocky that day. Not only was he among the game's elite players, but at the break the Phils had a 1½ game lead in the National League.

"I was feeling good about myself, about the team that day," he says. "We knew in spring training we didn't have the best team in terms of talent, but from the start we played together. We had the same kind of chemistry as the '93 Phillies: everybody pulling for one another, every day a different guy getting the big hit or making a great defensive play."

Callison came to the plate at Shea with two out, two on, and the score tied 4-4 in the bottom of the 9th. The good karma that had been building up that season seems to follow him. "I just knew something good was going to happen," he says.

The lithe lefty with California golden-boy looks took a couple practice swings and then stepped in. Staring down at him from the mound was a hulking, 6'6", 250-pound flamethrower named Dick Radatz. On the first pitch Radatz pumped his trademark heater, and Callison uncoiled his sinewy 5'10", 175-pound frame in a clean swing. There was no doubt. The ball jumped off his bat and sailed into the right field stands. For Philadelphia baseball fans, that home run is an enduring memory.

Callison's heroics continued after the All-Star Game, when his hot bat kept the Phillies stoked. The popular outfielder fashioned the year of his baseball life. "The whole season," he says, "was like a wonderful fairy tale." He pauses. "Until the last two weeks."

The last two weeks, when it turned into a horror story.

In the first series of the final homestand, against Cincinnati, Callison's bat went cold—he managed but two hits in the series. In the four-game set against Milwaukee, the pop came back; Callison went 8-for-18, including four homers and nine RBIs, and in the final game he hit three roundtrippers. However, during the St. Louis set, he came down with a severe case of the flu.

Against the Cardinals, Callison produced a lone single. In fact, when he reached first after that hit he was shivering so much he couldn't zip the warm-up jacket the ballboy brought to him; Cardinals first baseman Bill White had to fasten the jacket for him. "I just ran out of gas in St. Louis," he says.

So did the Phils. Callison believes cruel fate played a part in the team's crash. "You can blame the manager, you can blame yourself, you can blame everyone else—and we were all to blame," he says. "But let me tell you, there was also some really freaky stuff going on during those 10 games. There was a double-play ball that would have taken us out of an inning, but the ball hit a rock and went over Tony Taylor's head. It just seemed that everything that went right for us before went the opposite way."

For Callison the wounds of those last two weeks still hurt. He confesses that losing the pennant the way the Phillies did "was—and is—the most devastating thing to ever happen to me. I didn't move out of my chair for a month after the season. I didn't want to talk to anybody. And to boot, it cost me a lot of money."

Not to mention the most prestigious award in baseball: the most valuable player trophy. "I lost to [the Cardinals'] Kenny Boyer by a couple of votes," Callison says. "Had we won the pennant I would have been the MVP." It's hard to argue with him. Not only did he hit 31 homers with 104 RBIs, but he led the league in outfield assists with 19.

Callison's 1965 season—32 homers, 101 RBIs, 21 assists—was a repeat performance, but after '65 he never again approached those numbers. In 1970 he was traded to the Chicago Cubs, and two years later was sent to the New York Yankees. In August 1973, by then an out-of-shape utility player, he was released by New York and retired at the age of 34.

Life hasn't been particularly kind to Callison in retirement. With only a modest pension to live on, he tended bar to help make ends meet, until recently, when he started to do some card shows to shore up his finances. He has struggled with health problems as well. Callison has had half his stomach removed due to ulcers; he has undergone quintuple-bypass heart surgery; and just last year he almost died in the hospital after surgery to remove an aneurysm from his abdomen. Add two arthritic knees, and Johnny Callison is pretty much a prisoner of the comfortable chair in his den. He watches a lot of television. "I try to do some walking," he says, puffing on a cigarette, "but I get tired easily."

Despite the hand fate has dealt him after

baseball, however, Callison is forever scored by his memories of 1964, when he was among baseball's brightest stars, when he led the Phillies to a sun-splashed season that only in the last weeks turned dark and cold, when—most of all—he won the Midsummer Classic with one jack of his bat. No losing streak ever will erase that feeling. He glances once again at the photo of him hitting the majestic homer in the All-Star Game, and he squeezes out a slight smile. "That was the greatest moment of my life," he says.

As he circled the bases at Shea that day, Callison thought it would always be like that—always summertime, when the sun makes him squint in right field, when the crack of the bat and the smell of the grass fill the ballpark, when time stands still and there's always a game going. Thirty years later, silence filled the den.

Then Johnny Callison speaks. "I never knew how to do anything but play baseball," he says. "I wanted to play forever."

players followed him onto a baseball field the way grunts follow their captain into war. He possessed a brilliant, visionary baseball mind, always two thoughts, two moves ahead of his opponent.

Some described him as a cold-blooded baseball scientist, a master of the little game: when to bunt, how to steal signs, what base to throw to, how to move runners along. It was as if the playing field was his personal laboratory. In the dugout his face seemed set in a wicked leer, as if to say to the opposition, "Go ahead, try me." His eyes always darted here and there, looking for an edge, trying to see something no one else could—and often he did. That's why he won.

At times he also was arrogant—insufferably, suffocatingly arrogant. His verbal grenades exploded and left permanent scars on the psyches of some players. He enforced his control to the point where his players would become obsequious—they weren't called "the Mauchmen" for nothing.



"I don't have much time to talk about it."—Gene Mauch

Gene Mauch lives in Palm Springs. He's retired—and reticent, particularly when it comes to reliving the final two weeks of the 1964 baseball season. Mauch once said that losing that pennant hurt like hell. Now, 30 years later, when a telephone caller asks about that episode, he says, "I never think about losing it; I think about not winning it."

Mauch always was a complex personality. He was a volatile distillate of a manager's best and worst traits. He was a commanding leader, the Little General, whose

ing. His relationship with many players was cool and distant.

"Gene couldn't communicate," Callison says. Dalrymple agrees. "In the clubhouse he didn't relax you; he did the opposite." And Mahaffey adds: "You didn't want him mad at you."

But in the end Mauch was cursed by some cruel god. He could get his teams tantalizingly close, but when it came time to clinch a pennant and go on to the World Series, strange, almost inexplicable things happened.

In 1982, when he was piloting the California Angels, his club went up 2-0 in the five-game American League

Championship Series, only to drop three straight to the Milwaukee Brewers. In '86 his Angels enjoyed a 3-1 series lead over the Boston Red Sox in the seven-game ALCS, and in Game 5 Mauch was one strike away from his first pennant and his first World Series trip. That's when Angels reliever Gary Lucas hit Boston catcher Rich Gedman with a pitch; Mauch summoned reliever Donnie Moore from the bullpen to face Dave Henderson, who promptly crushed a two-run homer to give Boston the lead. The Angels tied the game in the bottom of the 9th, but Boston went on to win in 11. The Red Sox then swept the next two games at Fenway to deny Mauch the dream of a trip to the Fall Classic.

To baseball traditionalists, though, it's the '64 collapse for which Gene Mauch is most remembered.

To a man, his players agree on this: The Phils would not have contended in '64 if not for the brilliant leadership of the Little General. "He was the sole reason we were there," says Callison. And most of them also agree on this: The team wouldn't have collapsed in the final weeks if not—at least partly—for Mauch. "He made some moves he didn't make during the rest of the season," says Callison. "Like using Bunning and Short the way he did; like using our closer, Jack Baldschun, too early in the game; like using guys he picked up or brought up at the end of the season in crucial spots."

In retrospect, Mauch offers only one hint of what he would have done differently to turn it around. "I would have moved Tony Taylor more to his left in the Saturday game against the Braves, when Mathews was up with two outs. If I had, Mathews wouldn't have gotten a hit, and Carty wouldn't have come to bat." Instead, Carty slammed the bases-clearing triple to give the Braves the win in what most of the players feel was the make-or-break game of the Phillies' season.

"Look," Mauch snaps, "it didn't get done in '64, and 30 years later it still hasn't gotten done. That's all I got to say." When asked another question, Mauch's temper flares. "Your time's up!" he shouts.

Who's to argue when the Little General, at 68 years of age, still sounds as if he could outfight and outshoot all comers? Mauch hangs up the phone.

As if that would make 1964 go away. ■

B.G. KELLEY can handle winners and losers alike: His profile of John Chaney, the ever-controversial basketball coach of the Temple Owls, ran in the January I.S.



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NUMBERS

FIGHTERS AND SCORERS

Last season, for the first time in at least seven years, there were more NHL players with 20 major penalties than there were 100-point scorers. Nineteen players cracked 20 majors, and 17 had at least that many fights. Those 19 represent less than 5% of all NHL regular skaters but had more than 25% of the league total for majors. Just eight players broke the 100-point barrier.

Majors/Fights	Players with 20 or more majors	Points
34/34	M. Polvin (Kings-Whalers)	5
28/28	W. Rychel (Kings)	19
28/27	R. McKay (Devils)	27
27/26	S. Churba (Stars)	13
24/24	T. Ewen (Ducks)	18
24/23	J. Odgers (Sharks)	21
23/23	D. McCarty (Red Wings)	26
23/23	C. Berube (Capitals)	14
22/22	R. Ray (Sabres)	7
22/22	C. Russell (Blackhawks)	8
22/22	D. Vial (Senators)	7
21/21	M. Vukota (Islanders)	4
21/21	T. Dami (Jets)	19
21/20	B. Probert (Red Wings)	17
21/19	K. King (Jets)	12
20/20	M. Peluso (Devils)	20
20/20	K. Chase (Blues)	7
20/20	E. Ciccone (Capitals-Lightning)	3
20/19	S. Antoski (Canucks)	3

Majors/Fights	Players with 100 or more points	Points
0/0	W. Gretzky (Kings)	130
0/0	S. Fedorov (Red Wings)	120
1/0	A. Oates (Bruins)	112
1/0	D. Gilmour (Maple Leafs)	111
0/0	P. Bure (Canucks)	107
7/6	J. Roenick (Blackhawks)	107
0/0	M. Recchi (Flyers)	107
7/7	B. Shanahan (Blues)	102

Compiled by John Kreiser

SNIPERS AND SETUP MEN

A hockey player's points come in two forms, goals and assists. Some guys tally points by lighting the lamp, while others build their scoring stats primarily by skimming the biscuit to net-conscious teammates. Here are the NHL players for whom the highest and lowest percentage of points came from goals in '93-94, among skaters with at least 50 points:

Snipers

Player, Team, Pos.	Goals	Asst.	Pts.	Pct.*
1. C. Neely, Bruins, RW	50	24	74	67.6%
2. A. Graves, Rangers, LW	52	27	79	65.8%
3. G. Sanderson, Whalers, C	41	26	67	61.2%
4. B. Smolinski, Bruins, C	31	20	51	60.8%
5. W. Clark, Maple Leafs, LW	46	30	76	60.5%
6. M. Ricci, Nordiques, C	30	21	51	58.8%
7. B. Hull, Blues, RW	57	40	97	58.8%
8. B. Kudelski, Panthers, RW	40	30	70	57.1%
9. P. Bure, Canucks, RW	60	47	107	56.1%
10. S. Thomas, Islanders, LW	42	33	75	56.0%

Setup Men

Player, Team, Pos.	Goals	Asst.	Pts.	Pct.*
1. S. Zubov, Rangers, D	12	77	89	13.5%
2. G. Galley, Flyers, D	10	60	70	14.3%
3. Y. Racine, Flyers, D	9	43	52	17.3%
4. V. Maakhov, Islanders, D	10	47	57	17.5%
5. N. Lidstrom, Red Wings, D	10	46	56	17.9%
6. P. Coffey, Red Wings, D	14	63	77	18.2%
7. C. Jannet, Blues, C	16	68	84	19.0%
8. J. Brown, Canucks, D	14	52	66	21.2%
9. R. Bourque, Bruins, D	20	71	91	22.0%
10. J. Juneau, Capitals, C	19	66	85	22.4%

*Percentage of points from goals.

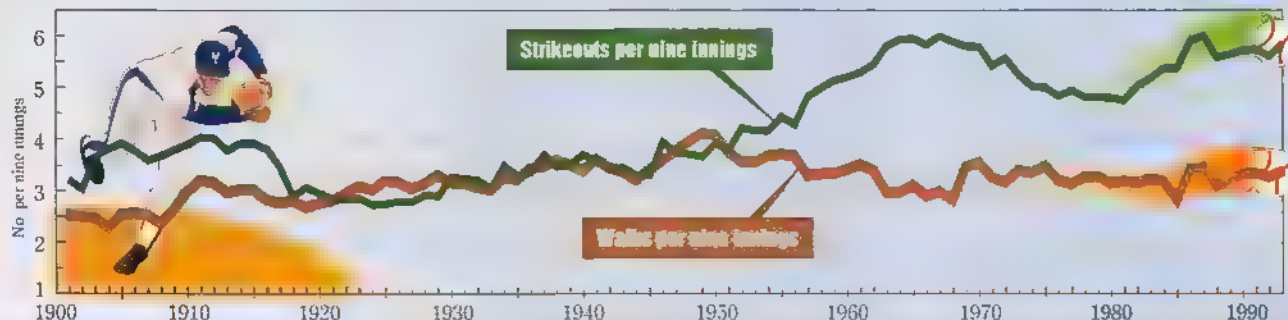
THE SHOOTISTS

Here are the figures for the NHL players who launched the most rockets at opposing netminders in the 1993-94 season, along with the percentage of shots that actually found their target, the back of the net.

Player, Team, Pos.	Shots	Goals	Pct.
1. B. Shanahan, Blues, LW	397	52	13.1%
2. B. Hull, Blues, RW	392	57	14.5%
3. R. Bourque, Bruins, D	386	20	5.2%
4. P. Bure, Canucks, RW	374	60	16.0%
5. S. Fedorov, Red Wings, C	337	56	16.6%
6. D. Andreychuk, Maple Leafs, LW	333	53	15.9%
7. B. Leetch, Rangers, D	328	23	7.0%
8. A. MacInnis, Flames, D	324	28	8.6%
9. R. Blake, Kings, D	304	20	6.6%
10. A. Iafrate, Bruins, D	299	15	5.0%

A STRIKING DIFFERENCE

For three decades, starting around 1920, the number of major league strikeouts per nine innings remained roughly equal to the number of walks per nine innings. Around 1950, though, strikeouts began to outpace bases on balls, by the '60s, the strikeout rate had reached nearly six per nine innings, while walks continued to hover at around three per nine. In 1965 the major leagues officially reduced the size of the strike zone, but K's continue to outnumber free passes by a large margin. Here's how walks and strikeouts per nine innings compare from 1901 to 1993:





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THE GOOD DOCTOR

Why did Atlanta receiver Andre Rison's girlfriend, that singer, burn down his house?

H.H., ALPHARETTA, GA.
Because he made her sit through Falcons games.

This Cosell looks like he can be a good player for the Houston Rockets for years to come. That's amazing, because he hasn't been seen much since he left "Monday Night Football."

R.T., ROSENBERG, TEXAS
Cassell, not Cosell, dummy.

Ken Griffey Jr. sounds sad. What is it about taking the field in Seattle that makes junior so depressed?

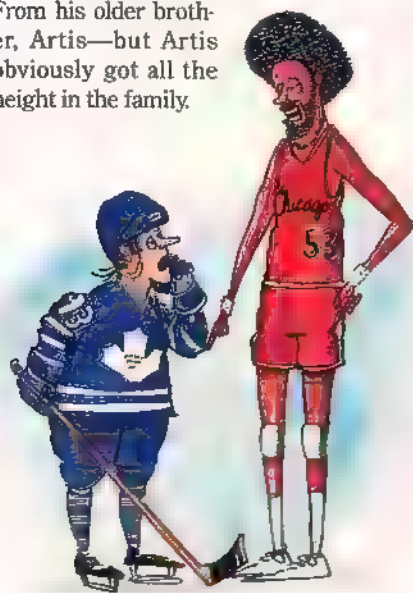
L.P., KENAI, ALASKA
The other eight Mariners.

If an Indiana Pacers teammate is choking, does Reggie Miller know the Heimlich maneuver?

H.W., GALION, OHIO
No, he only knows that hands-on-the-throat thing.

Where does Doug Gilmour of the Toronto Maple Leafs get all his athletic ability?

A. G., MEDINA, N.Y.
From his older brother, Artis—but Artis obviously got all the height in the family.



"Brother, you got to take it to the net."

Rod Woodson, Neil O'Donnell, Barry Foster, and Bill Cowher are doing an exercise video, too? What's it called?

G.A., AMBRIDGE, PA.
"Buns of Steelers."

Students at Cal State-Northridge started a movement to rename the school's teams the Quakes, after the big earthquake whose epicenter was in Northridge. I know Miami has the Hurricanes. Anybody else doing likewise?

T.S., TUMWATER, WASH.
Yes! It's really becoming popular! So far, others changing their names include the Iowa State Floods, the Penn State Nuclear Reactor Disasters, the Washington State Volcanic Eruptions, and the University of Texas at Waco Cult Massacres. So come on, everybody, join the fun!

CNN sports guy Nick Charles recently filled in for Larry King. Any other CNN surprises in store?

N.N., WESTERNPORT, MD.
Ross Perot subbing for Fred Hickman.

The city of St. Louis supposedly made an outrageous bid to Georgia Frontiere for the Los Angeles Rams. What would she get in return?

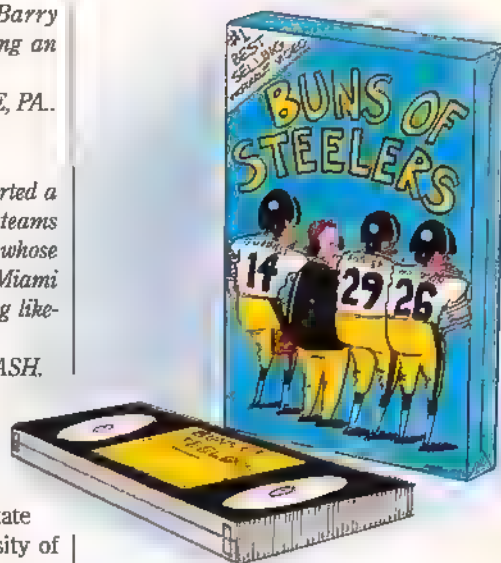
M.O., WINNER, S.D.
Nine draft picks, plus Herschel Walker (if available), plus Ozzie Smith, that great big arch, six cases of Michelob Light, free lifetime passes to the National Bowling Hall of Fame and Museum, a discount subscription to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and a "Best of Conrad Dobler" video. If she refuses, she gets a one-way trip down the Mississippi.

Could you please provide us with a list of Patrick Ewing's most memorable quotations over the years?

S.L., CENTER OSSIPEE, N.H.
No, we could not.

Which players are the Toronto Raptors most interested in picking up?

I.T., BURTON, MICH
Dino Radja and Rex Chapman.



Pittsburgh is working on one for the bum.

What was the final proof that the baseball was juiced this season?

B.V., SOLON, MAINE
Eddie Gaedel's pinch-hit homer.

Tell us everything you know about ESPN baseball experts Jim Kaat and Peter Gammons.

A.L., PALMER, MASS.
Well, they combined for 283 victories.

Boston is busy building a brand-new, ultra-modern venue to replace Boston Garden. What's the new place going to be like?

C.C., KINGSTON, R.I.
Well, the floor is held together with new, 24-karat gold nuts and bolts. The rats will eat nothing but the finest gourmet cheese. And since the old Garden was so hot and stuffy, to cool the new place down stadium officials are planning to put an electric fan in each corner.

Oklahoma won the NCAA baseball championship at the College World Series. What surprised you most about the Sooners?

G.G., COLUMBUS, NEB.
That wishbone offense.

Nancy Kerrigan called that parade at Disney World the "corniest" thing she

The Audit Bureau
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had ever done. What's the corniest thing you've ever done, Doc?

O.B., OKALONA, KY.

An Iowa-Iowa State game.

At the next Academy Awards ceremony, is it true that the theme is going to be "I Wanna Be Like Spike?"

R.M., MATTITUCK, N.Y.

Yes, so be sure to wear your Knicks jersey over your tuxedo.

John Lucas finally upped and quit his job as coach of the San Antonio Spurs. How come?

L.D., ARTESIA, N.M.

Couldn't get Rodman out of that damn barber shop.

Do you think Michael Jordan will become a real major league baseball player?

S.P., COWPENS, S.C.

Do you think Michael Jordan will become a real Mr. Universe body builder?

I really love Heather Locklear on Fox's "Melrose Place." Who will she be involved with on the show this season?

D.Z., SHIVWITS, UTAH

Madden, Summerall, and Bradshaw.

The Los Angeles Clippers lost both of their centers, Stanley Roberts and John (Hot Plate) Williams, for most of the 1993-94 NBA season. As a doctor, do you know what happened to these guys?

B.W., INGLESIDE, MD.

They fell, and they couldn't get up!

Can you tell me who the Nebraska football players would most like to square off against this season?

B.B., FAIRBURY, NEB.

The guys who officiated last year's Orange Bowl.

Doc, I've been wondering: Did the Bulls punish Scottie Pippen for sitting out the final 1.8 seconds of that playoff game against the Knicks?

N.L., ROCKFORD, ILL.

Yes. They gave him season tickets to Central Arkansas basketball games. ■

In a fever to know what really goes on in the world of sports? Will you feel awful until you find out? Send for a diagnosis to: The Good Doctor, 990 Grove Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201--then wait patiently.

INSIDE SPORTS

TOP 25 Contestants through July 24

NAME	CITY	PTS
1 Laura Devlin	Brattleboro, VT	3,448
2 Ray Krawchuk	Ajax, ON	3,442
3 Michael Lese	Phoenixville, PA	3,433
4 Gary Respecki	Livonia, MI	3,413
5 Jim Shannon	St. Catharines, ON	3,412
6 Dan Kooima Jr.	Jemison, MI	3,411
7 Timothy Robinson	London, ON	3,407
8 Daniel Poposki	Loran, OH	3,403
9 Vernon Welton	Dartmouth, NS	3,400
10 Ruth Binder	Vancouver, BC	3,400
11 Randy Carter	Yuba City, CA	3,397
12 Peter Grossman	San Carlos, CA	3,397
13 Frank Wolowicz	Buffalo Grove, IL	3,395
14 Michael Cannivet	Buffalo Grove, IL	3,394
15 Nathan Weinman	St. George, NB	3,389
16 Howard Nieman	Maywood, IL	3,386
17 Sherri Garrett	Tusculum, AK	3,385
18 Mason Brock Jr.	Richmond, VA	3,385
19 Lee Hulman	San Mateo, CA	3,383
20 Brentz Thompson	Clearwater, FL	3,378
21 Dan Sherbondy	N. Huntingdon, PA	3,377
22 Thomas Finanerty	Hoboken, NJ	3,375
23 Larry Semnoff	Danville, WA	3,373
24 Tony Bifulco	Ronkonkoma, NY	3,372
25 Patrick Shendan	Westminster, CO	3,372



Congratulations to our Weekly Winners!

June 20 - 26	Winners	PTS	Prize
Melchor Freyre	Miami, FL	258	\$150
Terry Moore	Cincinnati, OH	258	\$100
Jeremy Mericle	Berkeley, CA	252	\$50
June 27 - July 3			
Rolph Herman	Stratford, On	291	\$150
Elizabeth Maury	St. Petersburg, FL	289	\$100
Michael Tolpa	Belchertown, MA	283	\$50
July 4 - 10			
James Achtabowski	Streamwood, IL	295	\$150
William Ingram	Rockford, IL	287	\$100
Jason Fuller	College Station, TX	286	\$50
July 11 - 17			
Mike Reyes	Chicago, IL	188	\$150
Chris Bayless	Davidsonville, MD	186	\$100
William Morrissey	Uniontown, OH	184	\$50
July 18 - 24			
Chris Monaghan	Charlottetown, PE	295	\$150
Scotty Chastain	San Angelo, TX	292	\$100
Paul Breen	Dubuque, IA	284	\$50



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By MATTHEW BRODERICK

Catching That One Moment

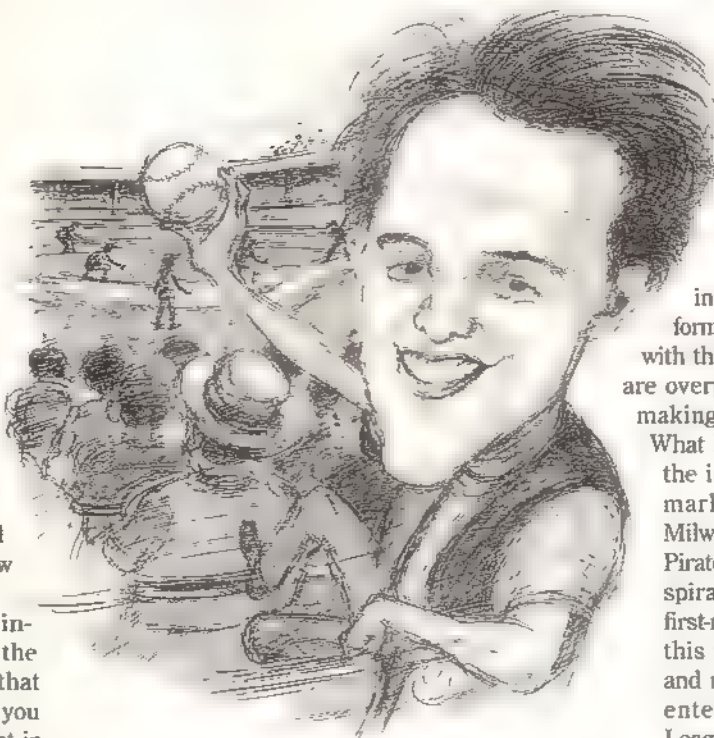
ONE OF THE MOST appealing aspects of baseball is getting to know your hometown players. When I started following the New York Mets in the early 1970s, it seemed I knew every player as if they were my pals. Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Bud Harrelson, Rusty Staub—I grew up with those guys.

Nowadays it's easy to lose interest in baseball because of the increasing player movement that occurs every season. Players you once despised and were adamant in rooting against now are suiting up for your favorite team. With all these players changing uniforms so frequently, you don't get the same "we're behind you fellas" spirit you once felt.

But even though the players change, I still love being at the ballpark. You can't match the anticipation of heading out to a game. For me it's getting on a subway and heading over to the stadium early and watching batting practice and seeing the players loosen up. There's just something about being in the crowd at a ball game that's exciting.

And though I grew up rooting for the Mets, I remember seeing a ton of Yankees games because a lot of my friends were Yankees fans. Some of my fondest baseball memories are of attending Yankees games as a kid. For instance, I'll never forget Game 6 of the 1977 World Series, when Reggie Jackson hit three consecutive home runs on three straight pitches—and I was lucky enough to be there.

I was sitting behind home plate with my father, James Broderick, who at that time was starring in "Family" for ABC and was able to get tickets from the network. It had to be one of the most thrilling nights of my life—and for that matter, in the lives of everybody else who was lucky enough to



Baseball players and actors both face pressure to perform at a certain time. You have to deliver when called upon.

be in attendance. After Reggie hit his third homer, I remember he had to wear a batting helmet out in the outfield because people were so flipped out and excited they were throwing things. In New York, fans express their excitement by throwing objects at their players.

I love Yankee Stadium. I even remember the old stadium, before they remodeled it. My father used to point out Mickey Mantle when he was at the plate. And even though it's really ugly, I love Shea Stadium because I've been there so much.

One of my favorite ballparks outside of New York is Wrigley Field, where we filmed part of the movie "Ferris Bueller's Day Off." Before we filmed that day, I got a chance to walk out onto the field, which was like a dream to me because that was the first time I ever was on a professional baseball field.

In my time spent in Chicago filming the movie, I found that Cubs fans are some of baseball's most loyal followers. They've suffered a great deal without having a World Series winner for all of these years, yet they always show up at the ballpark to sup-

port their Cubs. At the time we were filming, Wrigley Field still didn't have lights, and I thought that it was pretty cool that there was a strong contingent of fans who didn't want night games.

Since baseball—and sports in general, for that matter—is a form of entertainment, I don't agree with the premise that baseball players are overpaid, because the owners are making a pretty penny themselves. What I do find a shame, however, is the increasing tendency for small-market teams such as the Milwaukee Brewers and Pittsburgh Pirates to be unable to afford today's spiraling salaries and losing their first-rate players as a result. I know this will sound very un-American and not representative of our free-enterprise thinking, but Major League Baseball should even things out a bit and adopt some type of revenue-sharing plan to help these smaller-market teams, which are at a clear disadvantage because they don't generate enough revenue.

And you can call me a curmudgeon, but I preferred the traditional divisional format and not the new realignment and playoff formats. The new format has cheapened the game. There was something to be said for playing 162 games and having the two top teams in each league square off. Now a wild-card team can end up as the world champion.

Acting and baseball are similar in that there's pressure to perform at a certain time. When somebody comes up to bat or a ball is hit their way, you know this is their moment. It's the same thing with acting. You have to deliver when called upon. One nice thing baseball has over acting is that in acting you have a bunch of critics who all have their own opinion on how well you performed, whereas in baseball it's fairly clear how you fared. If a guy gets a hit, it's very evident—and that's much purer than judging an actor's performance. ■

MATTHEW BRODERICK stars in two films this fall: "The Road to Wellville," with Anthony Hopkins, and "Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle," with Jennifer Jason Leigh.

R&B, DANCE, RAP

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- MTV Party To Go, Vol. 3** Featuring Jodeci, Boyz n the Band, etc. (Tommy Boy) **478-610**
- The Brand New Heavies**—Brother Sister (Delicious Vinyl) **478-325**
- The Best Of The Village People** (Casablanca) **478-131**
- Angela Winbush** (Elektra) **477-786**
- CeCe Peniston**—Thought I Knew (A&M) **467-860**
- NAS**—Illmatic (Scherita/C) **477-166**
- R. Kelly**—12 Play (Jive) **468-676**
- Freddie Jackson**—Gt. Hits (Capitol) **474-940**
- K7**—Swing Batta Swing (Tommy Boy) **474-866**
- "Crooklyn"**—Orig. Sndtrk (MCA) **463-685**
- Paul Simon**—Graceland (Warner Bros.) **345-751**
- Blackhawk** (Arista) **473-387**
- Mariah Carey**—Music Box (Columbia) **465-435**
- Jimmy Buffett**—Fruitcakes (MCA) **460-491**
- Danzig**—Thrall: Deamon-possive American (C) **462-333**
- Patra**—Queen Of The Pack (Epic) **474-809**
- Zhane**—Pronounced Jah-Nay (Motown) **474-295**
- Hammer**—The Funky Headhunter (Giant) Reprise **474-262**
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- Aretha Franklin**—Gt. Hits (Arista) **473-371**
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- Haddaway** (Arista) **471-409**
- U2**—Rattle And Die (Blue Note) **471-342**
- Shaquille O'Neal**—Shaq Diesel (Jive) **470-427**
- Xscape**—Hummin' Comin' At Cha (So So Def/Columbia) **469-981**
- Maze**—Back To Basics (Warner Bros.) **465-716**
- Tevin Campbell**—'m Ready (Qwest) **468-744**
- Aaron Hall**—The Truth (Sire/MCA) **468-025**
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- Brian McKnight** (Mercury) **442-236**
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- Boyz II Men**—Cooler Than Ice (Motown) **424-754**
- Madonna**—The Immaculate Collection (Sire/Warner Bros.) **414-557**
- A Tribe Called Quest**—Midnight Marauders (Jive) **472-660**
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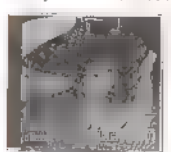
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Elvis Costello—Brutal Youth (Warner Bros.) 476-186

"8 Seconds"—Orig Sndtrk Featuring Reba McEntire, Vince Gill, etc. (MCA/Nashville) 475-483

Confederate Railroad—Notorious Atlantic 475-194

Yanni—Live At The Acropolis (Private Music) 475-178

Gerald Albright—Smooth Atlantic 475-152

Richard Marx—Paid Vacation (Capitol) 474-973

Joshua Kadison—Painted Desert Serenade (S&K) 474-791

Nick McCoy—No Doubt About It (Atlantic) 474-619

Soundgarden—Superunknown (A&M) 475-186

Brooks & Dunn—Hard Workin' Men (Anista) 454-025

Meat Puppets—Too High To Die (London) 474-221

Yanni—In My Time (Private Music) 458-018

Faith Hill—Take Me As I Am (Warner Bros.) 473-728

Michael Bolton—The One Thing (Columbia) 470-005

"Maverick"—Orig Sndtrk Featuring Clint Black, Vince Gill, more (Atlantic Nashville) 484-139

David Sanborn—Hearsay (Elektra) 481-763

"The Flintstones"—Orig Sndtrk Featuring B D & Crash Test Dummies Us3 etc. (MCA) 480-178

Heavy D. & The Boyz—Nuttin But Love (Uptown MCA) 478-354

Jackson Browne—I'm Alive (Elektra) 469-783

10,000 Maniacs—MTV Unplugged (Elektra) 469-775

Pantera—Far Beyond Driven (eastwest) 468-926

Clay Walker (Giant) 467-449

Barry Manilow—Grt. Hits (Anista) 288-670

Nirvana—In Utero (DGC) 467-159

The Cranberries—Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We? (Island) 465-559

Common Thread Songs Of The Eagles. Featuring Clint Black, Vince Gill, Trisha Yearwood, etc. (Giant) 469-999

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers—Grt. Hits (MCA) 474-411

"Threesome"—Orig Sndtrk (Epic Soundtrax) 476-499

"The Crow"—Orig Sndtrk Featuring Pantera, Stone Temple Pilots etc. (Atlantic Interscope) 478-230

The Black Crowes—Shake Your Money-maker (American) 462-184

Alice In Chains—Dirt (Columbia) 445-833

Nelt Young—Unplugged (Reprise) 460-972

Little Texas—Big Time (Warner Bros.) 460-204

"Sleepless in Seattle"—Orig. Sndtrk. Epic Soundtrax 458-430

ABBA—Gold Greatest Hits (Polydor) 458-405

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Chant—The Benedicthine Monks Of Santo Domingo De Silos (Angel) 477-067

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Kenny G—Breathless (Arista) 448-142

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NAME: Chris McAdams.
PROFILE: Furniture Designer.

"The other day my dad informs me that most normal people my age are actually looking forward to settling down, driving station wagons and buying dishes that aren't plastic. Which translates into: they don't play the saxophone at three in the morning, eat cheese puffs for breakfast, sleep or 'til noon



on Saturdays. Of course, he also thinks The Who is part of an old Abbott and Costello routine. Red Hot Chili Peppers are used for making tacos and Columbia House must be where they grind those tasty coffee beans."

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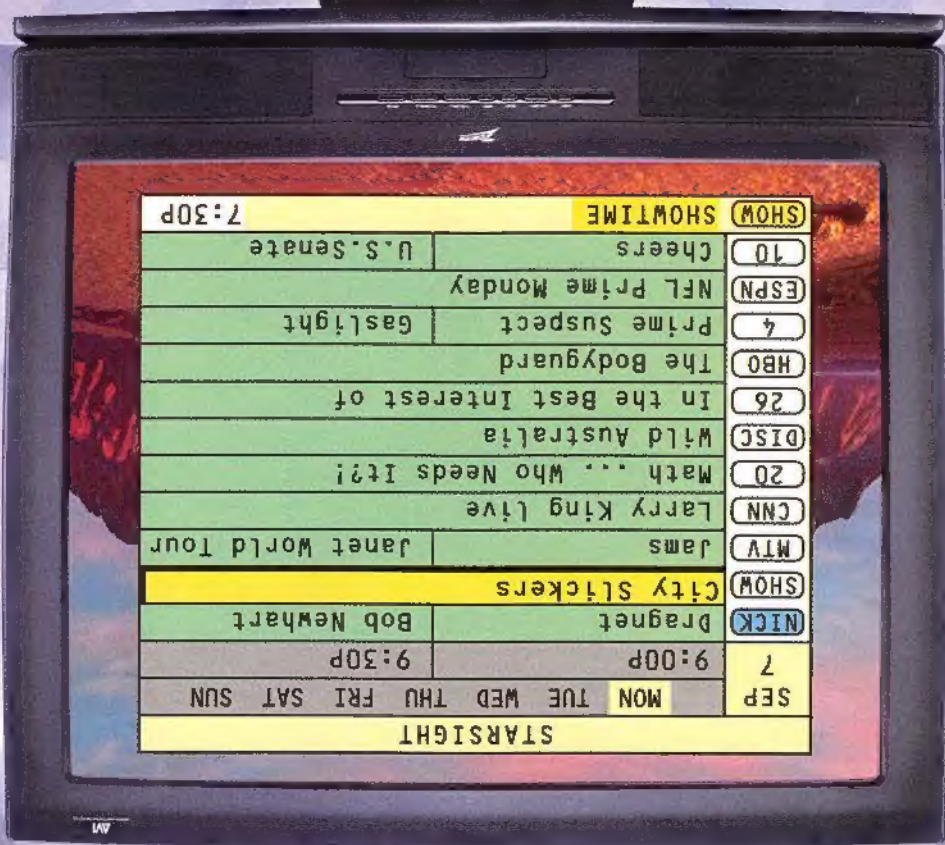
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